FOR POSTAGE RATES SEE FRONTISPIECE

Fit "TripleX"- and be safe
Regd

THE SPHERE, AUGUST 9, 1947
With which is incorporated "BLACK & WHITE" 1/6

THE SPHERE

Vol. CXC No. 2479 WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC AUGUST 9 1947

Bulmer's

BY APPOINTMENT CIDER MAKERS
H. P. BULMER & CO., LTD., HEREFORD

POMAGNE

MADE BY THE SAME PROCESS AS CHAMPAGNE

Champagne Cider de Luxe

McVITIE & PRICE

Biscuits of Highest Quality

EDINBURGH • LONDON • MANCHESTER

By Appointment Table Salt Manufacturers

Cerebos

The "finest" salt

Ardente

SOUND AMPLIFICATION

SYSTEMS FOR HOTEL, OFFICE & FACTORY.
MAKERS OF THE FAMOUS MARINE "LOUD HAILER"

ARDENTE ACOUSTIC LABORATORIES, LTD., GUILDFORD, SURREY
Sales Division: 309 OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.1
Phone: MAYfair 1380

By appointment Cyder Makers to
H.M. KING GEORGE VI H.M. QUEEN MARY
William Gaymer & Son Ltd, Attleborough & London

Gaymer's CYDER

FAMOUS FOR OVER 300 YEARS

KING SIX CIGARS 1/6 *each*

The quantity available for distribution is still, unfortunately, insufficient to meet demands.

Made by J. R. Freeman & Son, Ltd. Makers of Fine Cigars since 1839

MOTOR UNION INSURANCE CO. LTD.
All classes of insurance transacted

10, ST. JAMES'S STREET, LONDON, S.W.1

PRICE ONE SHILLING AND SIXPENCE REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM Office: Commonwealth House 1, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1

Mare and Corporation

Tom Pearce, Tom Pearce, will you tell us what course
(All along, out along, down along lea)
You took to develop the thews of a horse,
Like Carnera, Goliath, Eugene Sandow, Gog and Magog,
Paul Bunyan, Asar Thor,
And Popeye the Sailor and all, and Popeye the Sailor and all.

My mare, you remember, so lately deceased,
(By the terms of her will I'm the sole legatee)
Was in several respects a remarkable beast,
Like Bucephalus, Prince Regent, Hrimfaxi, Copenhagen,
Black Beauty, Brown Bess,
(Eohippus was rather too small, Eohippus was rather too small.)

Although, being horse, she could not herself sing,
A prop of the opera nightly was she,
For she carried the diva through most of The Ring,
And Tannhäuser, Don Juan, Leonora, Traviata, Trovatore, Pagliacci,
And old Uncle Siegfried and all, and old Uncle Siegfried and all.

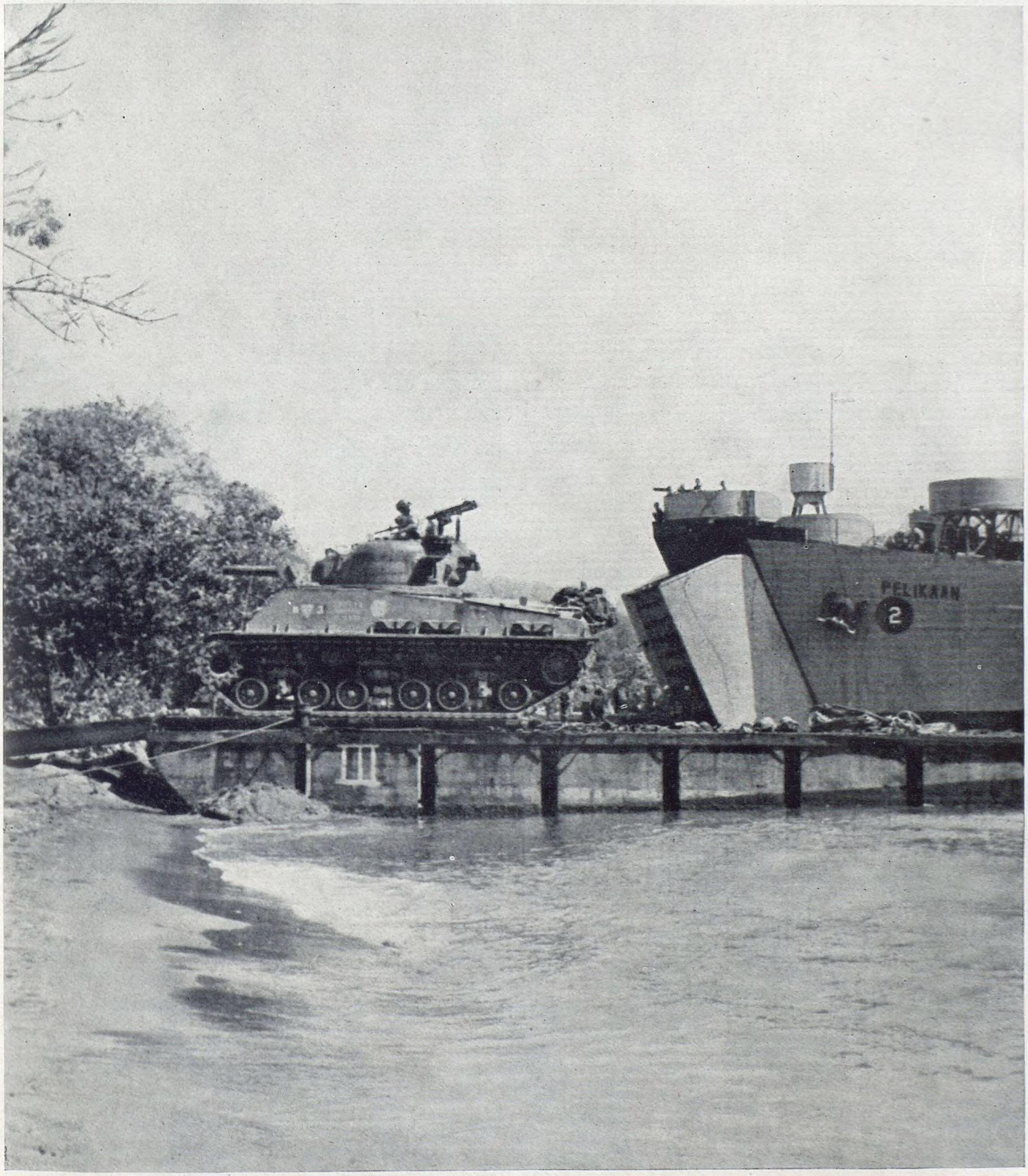
She died ; and to carry the vast prima-donna
(Seventeen stone) now devolved upon me.
" Bring Guinness ! " I cried, " or Tom Pearce is a gonner !
Not zibbib, nor arrak, nor toddy, nor metheglin, nor date-beer, nor tedj,
Bring Guinness or nothing at all ! Bring Guinness or nothing at all."

The dame was amazed by her spirited mount,
And ever since then I'm a strong devotee
Of Guinness, whose virtues are quite without count,
And for goodness, and richness, body-building,
Frame-filling, muscle-making, good health,
A Guinness is good for us all, a Guinness is good for us all.

G.E.1311

Volume CXC No. 2479 The SPHERE, London, August 9, 1947

THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly



HOLLAND STAGES A COLONIAL WAR—A TANK ROLLING ASHORE FROM A LANDING-CRAFT AT PROBOLINGO, EAST JAVA: This was the start of the amphibious attack on the Indonesian Republicans, an attack described by the Dutch as police measures, but having most of the attributes of modern war. India and Australia have referred the matter for adjudication to the United Nations Security Council

Towards the end of July strong differences between the Indonesian Republic in Java and the Dutch authorities—differences connected for the most part with the policing of the interior areas—led to the Dutch delivering an attack on Indonesian positions. At first the impression was given that these were police measures to maintain law and order, but as planes, tanks and artillery went into action it became apparent that this was colonial warfare on the old familiar pattern. The amphibious attack on Probolingo, shown on this page and on pages 172 and 173, was staged upon an elaborate scale, and the ill-armed Indonesians were soon forced to retreat through the burning port. While the attack was going on, Dr. Sjahrir, the former Prime Minister of Indonesia, was being received by the Indian Government in New Delhi, making a bid to marshal world opinion against the Dutch. As a result of these approaches, both India and Australia have appealed to the Security Council of the United Nations, invoking the vital Article 39, which has to do with the determination of acts of aggression. From Java, Dr. Van Mook, the Lieut.-Governor-General, has sought to justify the Dutch action, and he declares that the Netherlands still intend to carry out the terms of the Treaty of Linggadjati

Postage—Inland, 2d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 1½d.

A LONDON NEWSLETTER

1, NEW OXFORD STREET, W.C.1.

Honour Among . . . M.P.s.—

The House of Commons goes into recess under a stigma on the honour of Members. Nothing new in that. It is a shoddy world in which honesty makes no headway, and M.P.s are not, and never were, Galahads. In my lifetime we have had occasional shows-up which have not redounded to the credit of Members of all three parties. The latest concerns the conduct of one or more members of the Labour Party in the House; the charges examined, and in one case admitted, of accepting weekly salaries from London evening newspapers to give away confidential information imparted to Labour Members of the Government. *Quis custodiet?* Members of Parliament have a responsible trusteeship, the Press claims the same, and in an ideal world that claim would never be disputed. Pleasant, is it not, to know that the seducers are at work among our representatives in Parliament and find the sure means of nefarious infiltration. One may consider £30 a week (£1,500 a year) the minimum acceptable direct or indirect "insult"; another may do the dirty work for £250 a year. Still, even the latter is a handsome addition to the £1,000 we have to pay our representatives in Parliament, the trustees of our political and moral aspirations. One M.P.'s "slickness" is sufficient to tar-smear the House of Commons, whose antics and postures at any time we are inclined to view with cynicism and even distaste. Ninety and nine just persons may suffer for the frailty of one in Westminster or Fleet Street. Leadership and good example from the top! Small wonder if petty pilfering flourishes to-day at lower levels. The House will no doubt decide how best to purge itself and scour its shield.

H.M. Privy Council.—

There is to-day more than academic interest in an examination of the nature of the Privy Councils of our Commonwealth of Nations. The King is King of Great Britain and King of Canada, and so forth. He has his Privy Councils in Britain and in Canada, etc. But they are not a single body. A Privy Councillor of Canada is not *ipso facto* a member of the British Privy Council, nor *vice versa*. The question is of practical interest in the official signification of his Majesty's consent under the Royal Marriages Act (of George III) to the marriage of Princess Elizabeth to Lieutenant Mountbatten. That consent, which I think governs the marriages of the descendants of George II, was a purely domestic matter in the first instance, and it would have satisfied King George III if he personally had signified his assent. Assent through his Privy Council was, however, the procedure adopted (as I believe), and even to-day foreign descendants of George II sometimes "claim" the British King's assent almost as a matter of privilege, since there is no constitutional issue involved whatever, foreign descendants of George II being expressly excluded. It is natural that in the case of Princess Elizabeth's marriage the great nations of the Commonwealth should expect to be represented at the proceedings of assent. That would be desired on both sides. But the selection of (say) a Canadian Privy Councillor to attend the British Privy Council would not be in right of membership of the latter body. He would be present as an honoured guest watching the ceremony of the King carrying out a domestic affair, personal to himself, though of profound interest to all the Commonwealth. I set it out as I believe it to be. I wonder how many howlers in my discourse would be detected by, say, the Provost of Eton or some other pundit on constitutional history!

Belgian Monarchy.—

If report be true, the Belgian nation is not much interested in the future of the Monarchy. The report on King Leopold's actions and policy during the war is published and is now the subject of deliberations between Mr. Spaak and the party leaders. That report acquits the King of sacrificing the interests of his country. It justifies his decision to remain with his troops after the surrender. But the report also confirms the disinterestedness of the Government, and it is not in question that King and Government were at variance. The report, therefore, may not clarify or settle the question, of which a settlement seems to outsiders to be overdue. Meanwhile the King, who has refused to abdicate in favour of his son, continues to live near Geneva with his second wife, daughter of M. Baels, while Prince Charles, his brother, elected Regent in '44, continues in that office. There has never been since the war a majority in Parliament favouring King Leopold's return, though the largest party, the Christian Socialists, abstained in '45 from voting to prolong the Regency and are believed to be in favour of the return of Prince Baudouin as a step in the direction of restoring the Royal line. It is not impossible that the King's second marriage may be an obstacle in the way of that apparent act of justice—and logic. Meanwhile the nation is apathetic.

The Joy of Travel.—

"Once more on to the beach, dear friends, once more." At the main-line London termini the thermometer and the queues were beating records these last week-ends. Thus at Waterloo one Friday night 3,500 people slept on the platforms. At Victoria Station one Saturday a six-deep queue for Margate stretched for three miles. Imagine finding yourself at the tail-end in Warwick Way and a long, grilling summer day beginning! Most of them got away at last, to stand in corridors, to stand shoulder to shoulder in the available sea, to queue up for meals and deck-chairs, to be turned away from many a longed-for respite from fatigue and hunger and sleeplessness. Surely the Dunkirk spirit is not yet dead, as far as recreation is concerned. We can still "take it," still take our pleasures grandly. The spirit of the "Beaches" is very much alive. What are the causes of this agony of pleasure? Too many clients for far too few services. The railways' staffs were never so depleted. One railwayman is doing the work of three, on the trains, the platforms, the booking-offices and the parcels and luggage offices. There was one Sunday an interminable queue of suit-cases despatched in advance on Thursday from Waterloo, and still awaiting transport. How many hundreds went without even a tooth-brush? The track is worn-out, the rolling-stock is depleted and worn-out. It's the same on the roads. The roads are too few, narrow, bumpy. The road to the coast carries at week-ends a jerky procession harnessed down to 15 m.p.h. Shorter hours and five-day weeks and the insistent urge for "getting away from things" create these jams at bottlenecks, and we have reached the point when much greater endurance and guts are required for recreation than for work. It calls for guts from all concerned to fit 1,000 into the trains, roads, hotels, boarding-houses, and sea-and-sand space fit for the accommodation of 250. A very few "soothly say". If this is pleasure, give me work.

Rail Travel Safety.—

It would interest me to know whether an accident on a British railway involving loss of life, for a time affects passenger receipts. I imagine that a recent extraordinary series of air disasters did for a time affect travel in a particular type of plane. For generations rail travel in Britain has statistically been shown to be "as safe as houses," that is, as little attendant by risk of death or injury to a passenger as anything in human life can be. Following a recent rail accident in England, a girl who had jumped at an offer to go north with a family in whose service she was, sent her mother to announce that she "didn't think she felt like going a long journey by train after *that*," and would prefer to call it off. In this decision her mother heartily concurred. "She had never liked those trains." Her mistress advised the mother to keep her daughter in bed in cotton wool, but the girl had gone off to the pictures with her boy on the back of a motor-bicycle rescued from a scrap-dump. I cite this as an instance not of the effect of a railway accident on passenger traffic, but as an instance of the effect of war conditions on the mentality of certain types of young females. A large proportion of this type have always been notorious for silliness, which to-day it seems to me to approach to the verge of sheer idiocy. Small wonder if one fights the uphill battle to secure a foreign girl, brought up in a harder school of domestic discipline and possessing a sense of proportion, reasoning power and an egoism under some sort of control.

NO ONE KNEW SHE WAS COMING—THE QUEEN DESCENDING THE AREA STEPS AT NO. 77, BLACKFRIARS ROAD, WHEN SHE PAID AN INFORMAL VISIT TO HOMES IN SOUTH-EAST LONDON: Officials of the London Gardens Society conducted Her Majesty on the tour, which took her for the most part to war-blitzed streets and the gardens of prefabricated houses. Mr. P. J. Maclean, whose home is at 77, Blackfriars Road, is seen in this picture at the foot of the area steps. He was almost too overawed to explain to the Queen the details of his area garden. In all Her Majesty spent two hours in the district, starting at Lambeth and ending at Kennington. It was quite one of the most informal Royal tours of recent years. At Cardigan Street Mrs. Robertson, an office cleaner, showed the Queen a silver cup she won this year for the best-kept local garden

Never Too Late To Mend?

—My contemporaries have often told me that there is something *wrong* with a *soi-disant* literary man who cannot read Dickens. Many young men have respectfully hinted ditto. I am that man, and I am now over sixty. An old friend, who subscribes to my caption, insisted on my making one more try, and sent me *Bleak House*, in the belief that, as a first fence, it would prove surmountable to one who had in schooldays "got through" *Oliver Twist* and *A Tale of Two Cities* as holiday tasks, but *præterea nihil*. Before I was half through *Bleak House* I realised I was being *educated*. At last I could "write three lines" about Harold Skimpole, Leicester Dedlock, Turveydrop, Jellyby, Chadband, Tulkinghorn, Guppy, Bucket, and so forth. I could talk familiarly about Jarndyce *v.* Jarndyce. The first chapters solved for me a clue in *The Times* crossword and made clear an allusion in Trevelyan's *Macaulay*. Henceforth, I shall be able to read Darwin on golf without a crib, and appreciate the printed speeches of Victorian statesmen. Does *Bleak House* contain more characters which are household words than any other Dickens novel? But I shall never finish *Bleak House*. I shall go down without taking my degree. The circumlocution which I find endurable in Trollope, the sentimentality which moves me in Thackeray, the detective fever which is contagious in Wilkie Collins, the zeal for social reform which is all very well in George Eliot, these are to me respectively intolerable, turgid, tepid and tiresome in Dickens. Of course, I am wrong. I can't help it. You must write me off. But henceforth I shall be nuts on *The Times* crosswords.

Cornish Earthquake.—

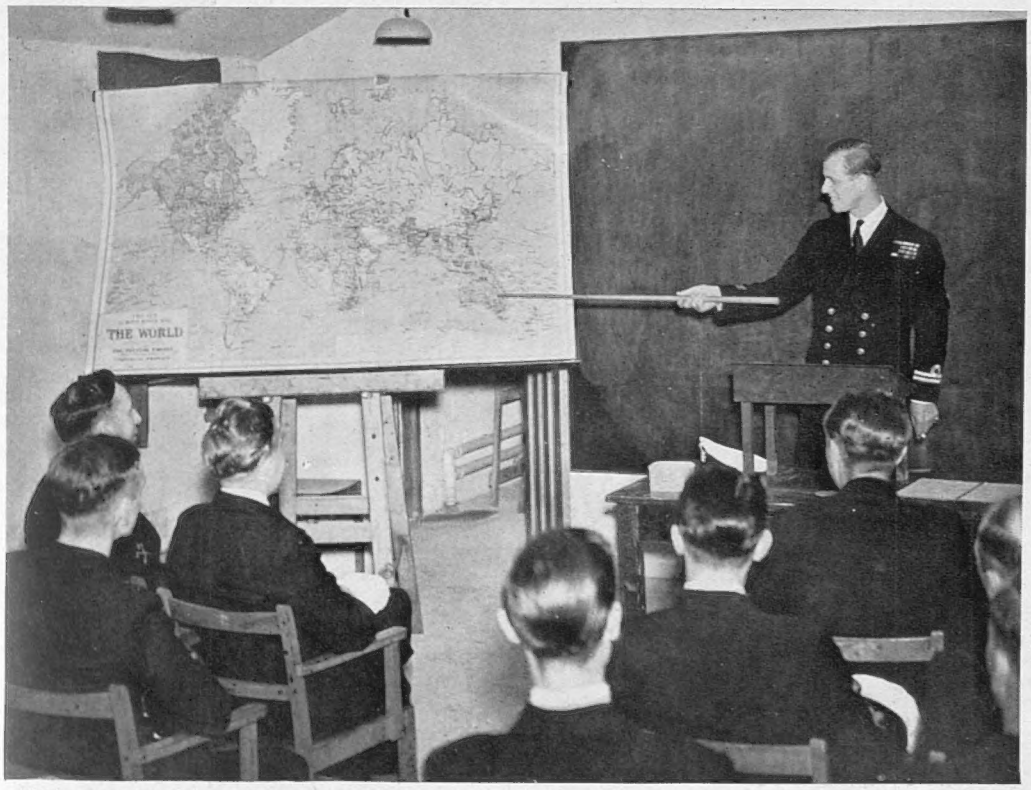
At 6.50 p.m. on Monday, July 28, my daughter reported that "she thought there had been an earthquake." She was in the kitchen with another girl and they heard doors, windows and crockery rattling, and both felt a curious sense of vertigo in their heads. In the nine o'clock bulletin their impressions were confirmed by the news of a Cornish tremor. It appears that our West Sussex experience was enjoyed also at Camberley and in the Isle of Wight. I accept this as proven and adequate evidence that the Cornish tremor was distinctly felt as far east as Surrey. But the evidence is not so clear as to the cause of the tremor. It looks rather as if the explosion of the nitrate ship at Brest was the *fons et origo* of the phenomenon.

THE OLD STAGER

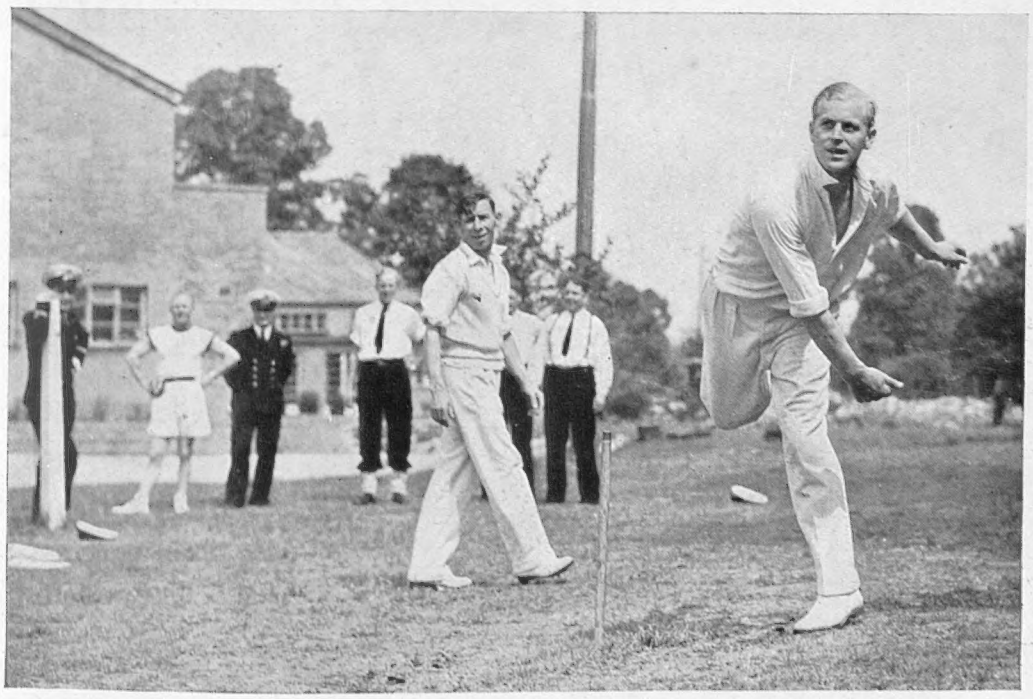
LIEUT. MOUNTBATTEN RETURNS TO DUTY

At Work and Play at Corsham, where He Instructs on the Petty Officers' Course

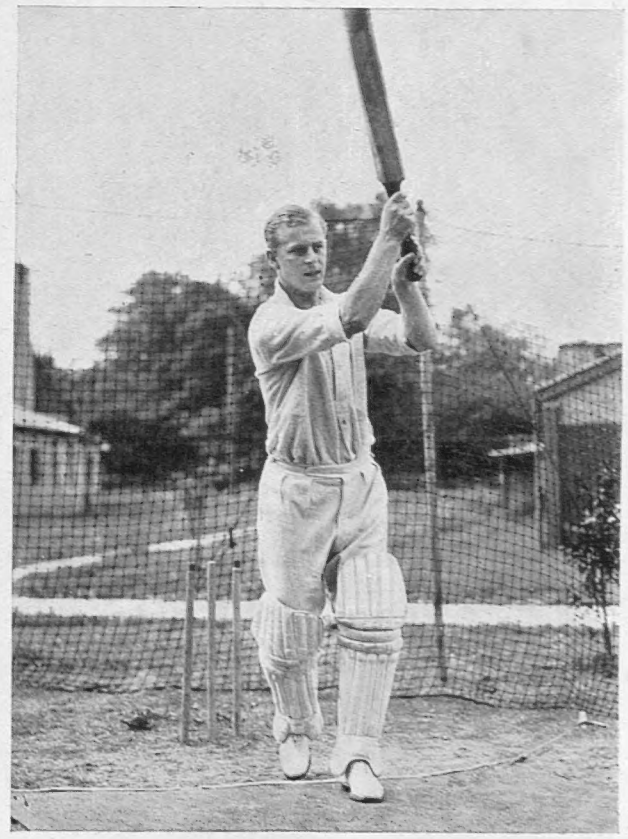
MORNING DIVISIONS AT CORSHAM: Lieut. Philip Mountbatten, as duty officer of the day, inspects members of the unit. Corsham is the Royal Naval Petty Officers' School, and Lieut. Mountbatten's particular tasks at this shore station are training in general knowledge and swimming



LIEUT. MOUNTBATTEN GIVES A LECTURE ON CURRENT AFFAIRS: Addressing his class of petty officers at Corsham, where general knowledge plays a big part in the curriculum. Like most sailors who served in the World War, Lieut. Mountbatten can claim to be a much-travelled man



"ALL PRESENT AND CORRECT, SIR": Lieut. Philip Mountbatten, R.N., as duty officer of the day, salutes the course officer and reports that he has inspected the petty officers



BATTING AT THE NETS: Lieut. Mountbatten is a keen cricketer and takes part in many of the representative games at Corsham. The courses are constantly changing as new petty officers come in, and sometimes Corsham is able to turn out quite a formidable eleven

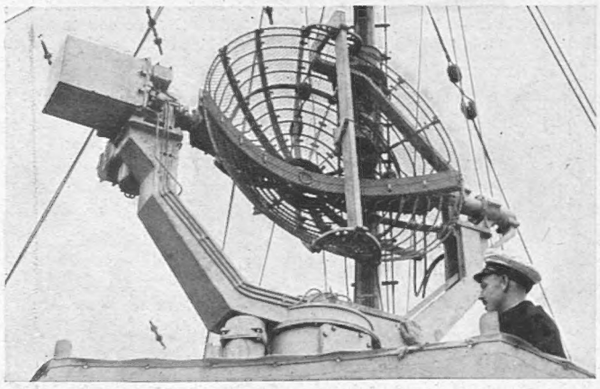
At Corsham, where Lieut. Mountbatten instructs on the petty officers' course, he has been accustomed to leading as normal a life as any young naval officer. From these duties he recently came to London for the Royal betrothal, having been granted fourteen days' leave. In this fortnight he appeared on the Palace balcony before vast cheering crowds, attended the Royal Presentation Party, and went with the Royal Family to the Palace of Holyroodhouse. He accompanied the Princess on many public engagements, and was later at the Clyde naval inspection. Now Lieut. Mountbatten is back at Corsham, engaged again on his task of training the men of the modern navy

On left—**BOWLING AT THE NETS: The Lieutenant is quite an all-rounder, and, when games are over for the day, he may even be found in the skittle-alley at the "local"**

THE FIRST OF THE OCEAN WEATHER SHIPS: The ex-Flower class corvette *Marguerite*, renamed the *Weather Observer* and christened last week by the Secretary of State for Air, seen lying in Shadwell Basin, London Docks, before leaving for her station off the coast of Ireland. She is one of thirteen weather-ships provided by ten nations which will be anchored in the Atlantic to provide the world with meteorological information and navigational aids. The *Weather Observer* has now started her first tour of duty off the Irish Coast

THE "WEATHER OBSERVER" IS READY

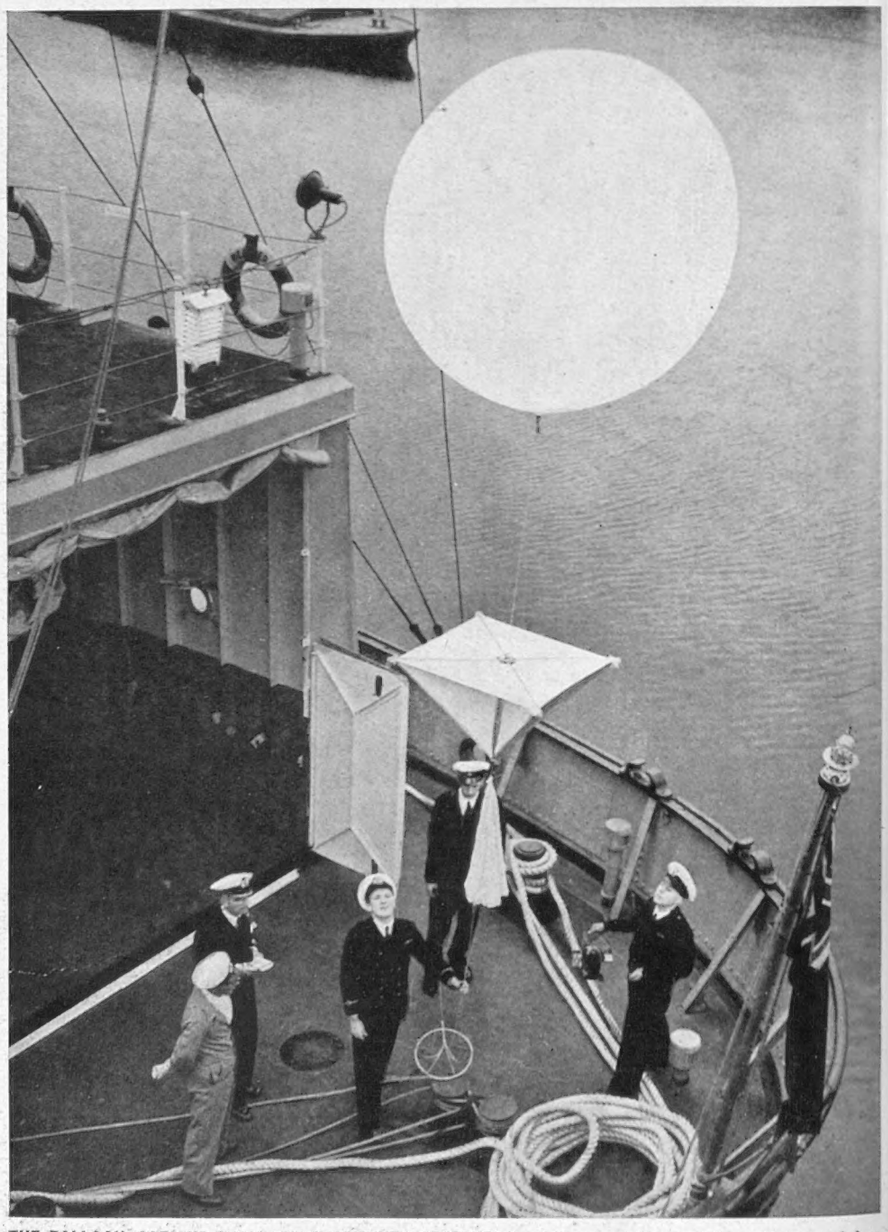
The First of the Atlantic Weather Ships Seen Before Leaving London Docks



THE RADAR PARABALOID SEARCHES THE HORIZON: A major item in the equipment which will be used by the *Weather Observer* when she takes station at sea. The parabaloid revolves through 360 degs., recording objects on the surface of the sea and in the air. The radar operators will give Atlantic clippers their minute-to-minute bearings

THE "WEATHER OBSERVER'S" SKIPPER: Captain N. F. Israel, D.S.C. (left), with Commander Frankdom, Marine Superintendent of the Meteorological Office. The picture was taken just before the "Weather Observer" sailed for her station

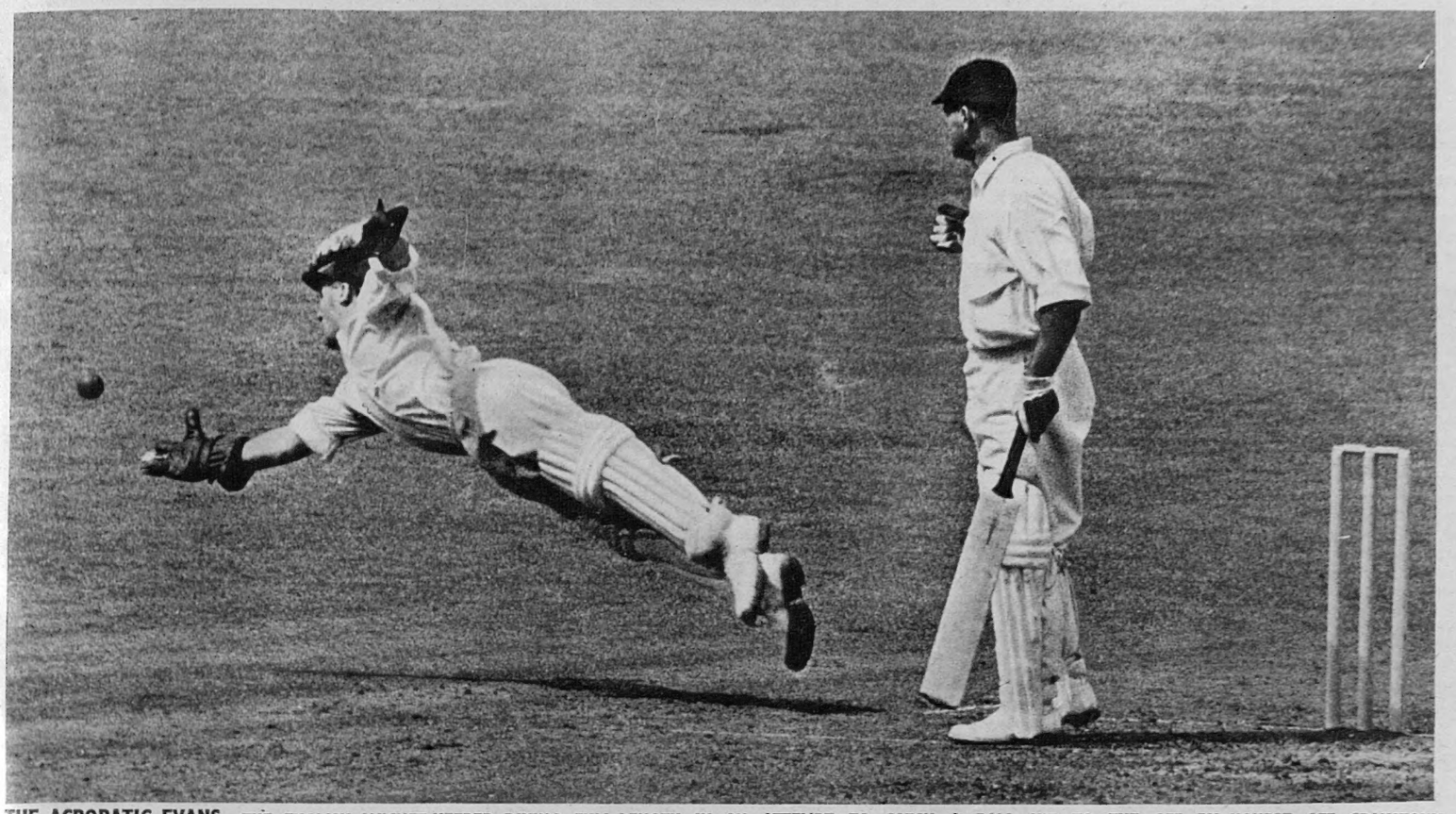
Altogether thirteen weather-ships are to be anchored in the North Atlantic the United States, Holland, France, Belgium, Norway and Sweden co-operating with Great Britain in the maintenance of a service which will provide weather reports to the Powers concerned, provide navigational aids for aircraft, take part in search and rescue services, and make oceanographical and other scientific observations. The first of these ships to be completed and to leave for her station is the *Weather Observer*. She is a converted corvette, and in last week's issue of THE SPHERE a special drawing by Laurence Dunn showed how she has been fitted out for her new task. The *Weather Observer* carries a crew of twelve officers, twenty petty officers and twenty ratings. She will be joined in the service by three other converted corvettes, *Weather Recorder*, *Weather Watcher* and *Weather Explorer*



THE BALLOON GOES UP FROM THE "WEATHER OBSERVER": Officers of the weather ship examining the equipment which will be used in the Atlantic for taking meteorological observations

This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

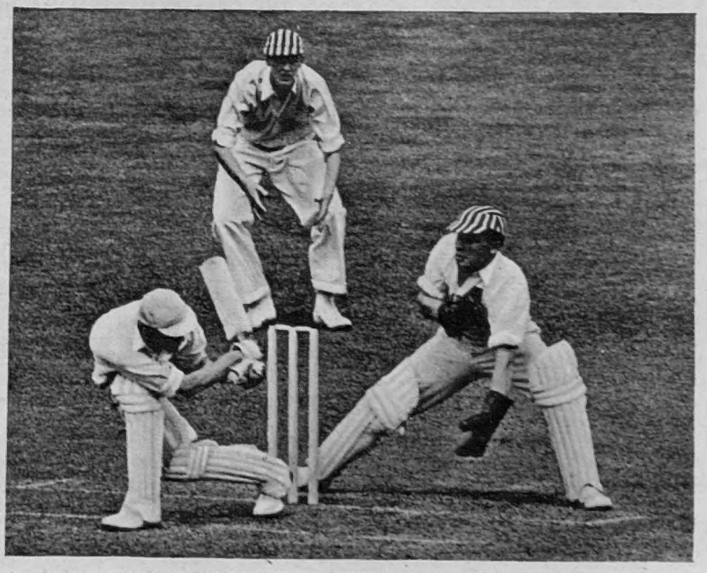
This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.



THE ACROBATIC EVANS—THE ENGLISH WICKET-KEEPER DIVING FULL-LENGTH IN AN ATTEMPT TO CATCH A BALL HIT TO THE OFF BY NOURSE OFF CRANSTON'S BOWLING IN THE FOURTH TEST MATCH AT HEADINGLEY, LEEDS: The South African batsman stands spellbound as the keeper hurtles through the air, like a goal-keeper in defence of his charge. Evans has been known to stop almost certain boundaries on the leg side, diving for the ball in spectacular fashion

THE WICKET-KEEPER TAKES HIS FULL SHARE OF RISKS: The Derbyshire stumper, Elliott, crouches perceptibly as young Fletcher, the new Surrey opening bat, pulls a ball hard to the leg boundary. It is at moments such as this that the wicket-keeper has to use his judgment, for too keen a sense of anticipation may result in serious injury. This telephoto picture may slightly exaggerate the danger to the keeper

THERE WERE ONLY NINE EXTRAS IN 500 RUNS: Evans, in this match between the Gentlemen and Players, was in first-rate form, saving a host of runs, particularly when Donnelly (left) was dominating the game



A TALENTED YOUNG KEEPER FROM "THE HILL": Hoyer-Millar, the Harrow captain, behind the stumps during the match against Eton at Lord's. He is seen getting down, left-handed, to the ball as Kindersley sweeps it away to leg. The combination of captain and wicket-keeper has much to recommend it, as the keeper sees the finer points of the game

TRIBULATIONS OF THE TRAVELLER

What Going Abroad Connotes in These Days of Rigid Money Controls

By FERDINAND TUOHY

SCENES at the terminals, letters home, meetings with friends either just back or just going, news in the Press—all tell that the big push of Continental travel is on. I have been searching for any special flavour or peculiarity this year, and imagine to have found it with the adjective "febrile," and in the arrival of most-favoured nations.

The eagerness of those seeking release abroad has assumed a feverish note, as if people see the chance of foreign travel slipping from them again, almost before it had returned. Hints of further currency bans, together with an "anything may happen" attitude to potential crises, stoppages and strikes, combine to produce this high-strung mood.

Travel is not much fun these days for most of those who embark on it. Save for the well-placed and the young and gay of heart, it is no easy matter, rather something of a contest requiring stamina, resilience, patience and self-control. But the prize is worth it—contact with a brighter and more agreeable, almost a gone world. So all whose claustrophobia thumps are more than ready to make their way through the meshes let down by governments. Several of these would like the invisible export, tourism, to be much of a one-way traffic. Others keep their peoples completely corralled.

The foot-loose are not to be beaten down, and what they lack in numbers, compared with pre-war years, they make up for in determination, ingenuity and resource as they square up to maddening currency restrictions and queueing at all hours, over-crowding, lengthy Customs searches, visa and police exigencies. Not that there isn't another aspect, too. The wangles and their pleasant surprises, the ways in which to outwit authority and cash in, the sheer novelty after the cooped-up years, bring brighter faces than when things used to be straightforward.

To come to the second peculiarity of 1947, it is now plain that we have arrived at the "Haves" and "Have-Nots" of holidaying in foreign countries. Some nations can travel; others can do so only with difficulty; others, again, can't travel at all.

Viewed from a traffic centre like Paris or Basle, the lucky ones enjoying hard currencies are soon apparent. They are the Americans, Swedes, Swiss, Danes, Belgians and Dutch. These are the lords of current holidaying, the ones who can briefly face up to a Paris twelve times, I reckon, dearer than it used to be, who can take on André's Deauville or Cannes without finishing up in their domestic equivalents of Bow Street.

Americans (the Latin ones largely absent) concentrate on France, with important branchings to Scandinavia and Switzerland, lesser ones to Italy, Czechoslovakia. American tourists are the first to get to occupied Bavaria, and the second to sample Austria, after some French visitors. In both cases the tourists eat army food and pay their way in their own currencies. The occupied ones do not suffer, but, on the contrary, see a rebirth of their tourist industries. I found the Vorarlbergers and Tyrolese elated at the prospect.

But they are not the spending Americans of yore, and I hope Lord Hacking has got clean out of his head the idea that Americans coming here will spend on an average fifty dollars a day or anything approaching it. So far they are parting with nearer to fifteen, and the French are quite worried about it. A very high proportion of these Americans are students, educationalists, compassionate cases and hitch-hikers out after adventure on the cheap. What is more, they carry along with them whole travelling cupboards of "extras" brought from their fat and plenty homelands.

This is another aspect which our tourism boosters might do well to note—how competing foreign nations like Italy and France are not only allowing more foodstuffs, smokes and etceteras through the Customs, but are welcoming them as part of tourist policy. It does seem Gilbertian that the Agent-General for New South Wales in London, Mr. Tully, should have to point out that many more Australians would come to this deprived land were they permitted to bring in more than a measly 25 lbs. of foodstuffs.

The French are allowing in, duty free, the eloquent amount of 1,000 cigarettes, or 250 cigars, or 70 ozs. of tobacco. I have myself seen the Italian Customs beyond Mentone wave on a car with a caseful of Swedish food. In exchange for a tin of one of the specialities they cried, "*Va bene!*" and, I think, added, "You won't be eating so much of ours!"

It looks as if the part self-providing party of four motorists derives maximum value from holidaying on this kind of Continent. They escape the crushes, can picnic and put off where it seems good, can pool expenses. Most motor parties, though, seem to strike for a definite objective where they can relax. A few dart as far as Estoril. But the U.S. Army still occupies "Saulsberg," where music fans would otherwise now throng. In sum, the holidaying is patchy, with wide areas unattended to, compared with the General Post of yore.

Swedes and Danes, Dutch, Belgians and Swiss have one thought in unison—to head for the sun. You will find them bronzing between Toulon and Rapallo, on the Italian lakes and Bay of Naples, on Corsica and Barcelona's Costa Brava. Many travel south in the new big touring coaches. But for this quintette the French Riviera would be worse hit than it is, for it cannot rely for luxury spending entirely on the native brand of profiteers, marketeers and protected racketeers. Not many Britons can stand the local pace now that the euphoria of the Intrator period is over.

There are still ways and means, of course, such as the Stamp Act. I don't see what anybody is ever going to do about the Stamp Act so long as people are allowed to travel at all. All one has to do is to buy a rare stamp in any capital, commit it to an intelligently devised place, and proceed over frontiers to destination where said stamp is readily exchangeable for approximately the sum you gave for it, translated into local currency. And hey-ho for a fuller holiday oblivious of the tread of detectives. A second, more ponderous method is to have a suit made up and then wear it to a foreign holiday land where suits fetch several times as much.

Or the really well-off can charter a yacht in Britain, fly to a foreign harbour, and live aboard without incurring shattering hotel charges. Or the less rich can get themselves invited to stay with friends on a reciprocity basis. Or, more vulgarly, they can travel jewellery to destination, with a view to disposal thereof. Until Customs officers are fitted with X-ray apparatus—as a Frenchman claimed to have perfected just fifty years ago—smugglers will retain the last word.

When the apparatus does arrive (as I have no doubt it will at this rate), as ultimate privacy dissolves in the sheds of Dover, one may visualise the groom waxing hotter as the rays closely investigate his bride.

Meanwhile, what odd combinations are resorted to in order to snatch a holiday abroad! Grown-ups as well as children *au pair* (whose legality under Daltonism has been challenged); groups of thirty and more shepherded about by leaders after the Führerprinzip manner; associations organising "strength through joy" movements, and making a horrid muddle of one of them close at hand.

This move towards collective travel is inevitable in a herding age, but it makes me wonder if British travel isn't already becoming tainted by class. Take this withering indictment of foreign travel, inflated from a few gamblers' self-indulgence, well paid for, and now ceased. Nearly all those now being branded as selfish drainers of sterling are of the middle class. I very much doubt if they take anything like £17,000,000 out of the country in two months; yet even if they do, several things have to be set against outlay. Such as excise dues levied on their return, the food and fuel they save while away, the employment given to maritime and other services, the vigour infused, the friendships, reciprocal tourism and commercial publicity that are promoted by appearances "in person."

"Strength through joy" holidays have yet to find the approval of those most concerned. Travel is a tender plant not to be foisted on foreigners in a manner even vaguely recalling the Nazis. I believe I saw the only "strength through joy" ship ever in action abroad. She was the *Gerstler*, at Venice, in 1938, and how the Venetians doted on the streams of *tedeschi* who trooped ashore each day . . . with ten lire in their pockets to spend! Venice is barred to-day—it is British H.Q.—yet Italians would be no keener.

Incidentally, Italians offer the best value of anywhere in food, lodging, service and courtesy. I can't see that it 's one's affair to feel deeply that all Italians aren't eating as well as you do. That 's the Italians' business, and I 'm pretty sure that if there were any wide going-without, the first places wrecked would be where foreign tourists regale themselves.

Well, we have wandered well in among the "Have-Nots" by this time. They are not all of a party. Rather in three divisions.

First come all countries behind the "Iron Curtain," with the sole exception of the Czechs. Finns, Russians, Poles, Bulgars, Hungarians, Rumanians, Albanians, Yugoslavs, may not leave their own countries save by the most exceptional permission. Next come the vanquished: Germans, Austrians and Italians are likewise anchored. And with them, to a great extent, the Spaniards, owing to the Franco-Spanish frontier still being closed.

If some Portuguese are now seen, hardly any Greeks are. Which leaves us with category 3—French, British (and Irish).

French people may draw only £5 for foreign travel, or, as they put it, "*une nuit à Londres.*" How do they manage a succession of nights? *Question!* The British limit of £75 attracts attention because we 've long been the greatest travellers and the freest spenders, too, which Americans never have been, despite all the dollar-flashing. Now we appear abroad in a near "Have-Not" garb for the first time. We are something of a curiosity. Foreigners know our pockets are partly sewn up. Yet, provided we don't turn sour at, to us, high charges, the welcome continues to be genuine in return for that lone 1940-41 stand.

Belgium and Sweden are current top favourites with the 75-pounders. With Luxembourg coming along nicely, and Italy "every time" if one can get there. The Swiss voucher system of restricted purchases is not popular, nor is the latest reduction to £40 per head; but the scenery compensates, while the food is all right if one travels independently, taking bearings on arrival.

A friend back after a fortnight in Sweden looked positively gross; but even so, bread rationing obtains in that land of seeming plenty, and coupons are required for restaurant meals. Belgium is dear but near, and booms. Febrile but gay France must be almost by-passed by many of those for whom this summer holiday abroad is the chief joy and restorer of the year.

THE GREATEST TRAVELLER OF THEM ALL—SEÑORA PERON, WIFE OF THE ARGENTINE PRESIDENT, WHOSE JOURNEYINGS HAVE FOR WEEKS PAST FILLED THE PAGES OF THE EUROPEAN AND ARGENTINIAN PRESS, SEEN ON ARRIVAL AT NICE: The handsome bouquet was the gift of the Prefect of the Alpes Maritimes, who received her on first setting foot on the Riviera. Señora Peron has visited Spain, Portugal, Italy, the Holy See and France. Despite an invitation from the Queen, and other arrangements for her entertainment, her trip to London was cancelled

THE LITTLE SHIPS PROVIDE ESCAPE

Twenty-two Estonians Brave the Atlantic : Germans Sail into the Sanctuary of Irish Ports : A Canadian Scientist Plans a World Voyage

ESTONIAN ADVENTURERS SEEK TO REACH AMERICA IN A 40-FT. FISHING-VESSEL : Some of the members of the crew aboard the "Edith," which arrived at Penzance towards the end of July. On board were thirteen men, eight women and a two-and-a-half-year-old boy. The skipper declared that the party was made up of Estonians who were tired of Russian rule, and that they hoped to make a new life in the United States. Although the vessel has an engine the emigrants cannot afford to buy oil, and when these pictures were taken they were awaiting a favourable wind to start on the main part of their voyage. They hope to reach Florida in thirty-three days, and have 2,000 litres of water and just enough food to see them through

WASHING DAY ON THE "EDITH" : The Estonian fishing-vessel seen at Penzance, where she stopped en route from the Baltic to the American coast with her crew of twenty-two would-be immigrants. The youngest member of the crew (seen standing on left) is two-and-a-half years old

THE SKIPPER CHANGED HIS MIND : Otto Schneider, a German sea-captain and ship-owner from Emden, seen with members of his family on arrival at Cork aboard the M.V. "Adelaar." Captain Schneider should have returned to Emden after taking a cargo of timber to Southampton, but he changed his mind, deciding that he was no longer willing to live in an impoverished Germany. Telling the crew that he would make Emden by a different route, Schneider changed course and put in at Waterford in July. Since then he has accepted an offer from a shipping company to unload coal arriving in Cork

A JOB TO KEEP THEM GOING : Coal being unloaded from the American ship "Rialto" in Cork Harbour for conveyance to the wharves in the "Adelaar," the runaway ship from Germany. The "Adelaar" is a motor-vessel of 277 tons, and she now flies the flag of Panama

On left—**AN EX-BRIXHAM TRAWLER WILL START ON A WORLD VOYAGE FROM THE CITY OF THE CABOTS : The 68-ft. "Gold Seal" lying at Redcliffe Wharf, Bristol, where she is now being fitted out for a four-year ocean trip which will take her to the remote island groups of Micronesia, Polynesia and Melanesia. There her scientist skipper, Mr. Rex Mitchell, intends to study marine biology.** Mr. Mitchell, Canadian-born and Glasgow educated, is seeking for eight or nine young people to accompany him. "I am not asking any financial contribution from the people I have with me," he declares. "The expedition is to add to knowledge and culture. We are not going to look for any treasure. I have set October 31 as the deadline for departure. If I don't get the people I require by then I will get a paid crew." The *Gold Seal* is 68 ft. long. She cost Mr. Mitchell £2,500, and he has spent twice that sum fitting her out with gear for the exploration of ocean depths

THE STRANGE STORY OF THE "SVEA" : Two of the women passengers aboard the 40-ton yacht which has been engaging the attention of the harbour authorities in Waterford. It is believed that the *Svea* is owned by Paul Vogler, a German prisoner-of-war who escaped from the United States zone of Germany and secured the yacht in Sweden. Vogler's father and other relatives joined him in Sweden, and they then came down the North Sea and the English Channel to Eire. Vogler's wife, who has been living in Frankfurt, reached Eire by air a few days ago. How Frau Vogler obtained the necessary permit to travel from Germany and other mysterious circumstances remain, at the time of writing, unexplained. It is also not known whether the Germans intend to remain permanently in Waterford

THE INDIAN PRINCES FACE THE NEW ALIGNMENT—A MEETING IN NEW DELHI OF THE STANDING COMMITTEE OF THE CHAMBER WHICH HAS BEEN CONSIDERING THE SITUATION OF THE STATES IN RELATION TO THE RECENTLY-CREATED DOMINIONS OF INDIA AND PAKISTAN: The Maharajas of Bharatpur, Dholpur, Dungarpur, Bundi, Tehri, Garhwal, Khairagarh, Rewah, Maihar, Patiala, Bikaner and Nabha grouped round the conference table. During the course of their deliberations they heard an address by Lord Mountbatten, the Viceroy, who stated that the best friendship he could render the States, who have hitherto been in treaty alliance with Great Britain and have shown such unswerving loyalty to the King-Emperor, is to guide them into association with the new India and with Pakistan. In this new capacity they will be left with their powers untrammelled, except as regards defence, external affairs and communications

DR. SULTAN SJAHRIR MEETS PANDIT NEHRU: The ex-Premier of the United States of Indonesia was on a flying mission to India in order to seek support for the Indonesian cause

FOREIGN NEWS IN PICTURES

AFTER INDONESIA HAD RECEIVED THE RECOGNITION OF EGYPT: His Excellency Haji Agous Salim, Vice-Minister of Foreign Affairs in the United States of Indonesia, speaking at the luncheon which he gave at the Semiramis Hotel, Cairo, and which was attended both by prominent Egyptians and by leaders of Arab opinion in the Middle East. On the extreme left is the Mufti of Jerusalem, who, since his escape from France last year, has received sanctuary in Cairo, and seated next to him is H.H. el Amir Faisal el Saud, son of King Ibn Saud of Saudi Arabia and Viceroy of Mecca

During his stay in New Delhi, Dr. Sjahrir was asked to address the Constituent Assembly, and he described to them the background of events which culminated in the recent renewed outbreak of hostilities between the Dutch and the Indonesians. The Indonesians, he declared, would fight with all they had, but it had to be recognised that militarily they were no match for the well-equipped Dutch. "Never," he said, "will the Dutch succeed in establishing a new colonial empire. Dutch imperial colonisation will go the same way as Fascism in Europe." Mr. Acharya Kripalani, President of the Congress Party, assured Dr. Sjahrir that the Government of India would exert all its influence in the international sphere to aid the Indonesian republic

ANSCHLUSS IN REVERSE—THE FIRST GROUP OF AUSTRIANS IN GERMANY LEAVE BERLIN FOR RESETTLEMENT IN AUSTRIA: The scene at the station at Lichterfelde West, Berlin, as some of the 1,000 Austrians crowded into the box-cars before the start of the long journey to Vienna. It was estimated that they would be two days en route, and the United States authorities, who organised the resettlement, saw to it that they all had sufficient food to see them to their destination

FRANCE TAKES AN INTEREST IN THE PREFABRICATED HOUSE: A general view of the new village at Noisy le Sec, near Paris, where, as part of the International Exhibition of Housing and Reconstruction, prefabricated dwellings of all types and sizes have been erected. Britain, Canada, Switzerland, Finland, Sweden and the United States are all represented

BRITISH WARSHIPS AT THE GOLDEN HORN—UNITS OF THE BRITISH MEDITERRANEAN FLEET AT ANCHOR DURING THEIR VISIT TO ISTANBUL : The aircraft-carriers "Triumph" and "Ocean" and the flagship, the Southampton-class cruiser "Liverpool," seen after dropping anchor at the start of a courtesy call. The summer cruise of the British Mediterranean Fleet will take the vessels also to Greece and the Ægean Isles. On the last cruise, it may be remembered, two British destroyers met with disaster in the Corfu Roads. The "Liverpool," like the rest of the Southampton-class cruisers, was built just before the war

THE STORK PAYS A VISIT TO KNOXVILLE, TENNESSEE : Fourteen-year-old Betty Jo Manning, of Knoxville, holds her 7-lb. 3-oz. baby daughter Sandra, while sixteen-year-old J. D. Manning, the baby's father, looks on. The age at which marriages are allowed in Tennessee is sixteen with parental consent and twenty-one without

MARY PICKFORD IN A LOS ANGELES COURT : America's sweetheart of silent-picture days seen as she answered charges in Los Angeles brought by Director Gregory La Cava. The director is suing for £300,000, and alleges that Miss Pickford backed out of an agreement under which he was to write, produce and direct a film

STORM OVER VICTOR KRAVCHENKO : Wearing dark glasses and partially covering his face with his hand, the ex-Soviet citizen, with a melodramatic air, appeared in Washington before the House of Representatives Committee on Un-American Activities to testify regarding Communist infiltration and espionage in the United States. Mr. Kravchenko's recent book has brought him a great deal of publicity, some favourable, some otherwise, and it has even been asserted that he never wrote the book at all. In it he has attempted to expose the Russian way of life, and the Russians, in turn, have attempted to expose Mr. Kravchenko

THE "COVERED WAGON" IS LAUNCHED UPON THE WATERS OF LAKE MICHIGAN : Men of the United States Forces lowering into the water their twenty-man rubber life-raft in which they made the 62-mile sea trip from Sheboygan, Wisconsin, to Ludington, Michigan. The rubber raft is powered by outboard motors fitted to the wooden structure at the stern. It can be speedily inflated by hand-pump. In bad weather a canvas awning provides protection. The raft is one of a number of examples of "sea survival" equipment now being tried out by the U.S. Services. Eleven rafts made the trip to Ludington

ONE OF THE STRONG MEN OF MODERN HUNGARY : Matayas Rakosi is Deputy Foreign Minister, but as Secretary-General of Hungary's Communist Party he has a large say in the nation's affairs. Since the so-called May coup conditions in Hungary have been difficult to fathom. Ostensibly there is still a Coalition. Those who have leapt to the defence of the former Premier, Nagy, have declared that "it is unprecedented that a Prime Minister should conspire against his own Government." The Communists, including Rakosi, still assert Nagy's guilt

THE WAR IN INDONESIA

Dutch Troops Attack the Republican Forces and Attempt to Cut Java in Two

DUTCH SEABORNE FORCES INVADE PROBOLINGO: The Dutch vessel "Pelikaan" covering the landing of Marines at this port of Eastern Java. This was the third landing on this part of the coast since the outbreak of hostilities between the Dutch and the Republicans. As a result Indonesia appealed to world opinion

THE DUTCH COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF VISITS THE BUITENZORG FRONT: Lieut.-General Simon H. Spoor (hand on hip) talking with a Dutch officer (in American-made jungle uniform). Three days after his visit to Buitenzorg the General declared that his orders were for a limited operation only, and that he would not occupy the whole of the Republic

THE MURDER OF THE BURMESE MINISTERS

A Plot to Overthrow the Government

The assassination of the seven Burmese Ministers in Rangoon, including U Aung San, the Burmese National Leader, is now revealed to have been part of a large-scale plot to overthrow the Government of Burma. In a statement in the House of Commons last week, Mr. Attlee declared that the situation was now under control, and that the rapid formation of a new Government in Burma had had a calming effect. Some of the assassins are in custody, but the ramifications of the outrage are still under investigation. Large quantities of arms have been seized. The accompanying pictures show scenes at the lying-in-state and the funeral of U Aung San, Vice-President of the Burmese Executive Council. His death robs Burma of its outstanding figure in the march to self-government

THE FUNERAL OF BURMA'S NATIONAL LEADER—THE FLOWER-DRAPED COFFIN OF THE MURDERED U AUNG SAN, VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE BURMESE EXECUTIVE COUNCIL, BEING CARRIED IN PROCESSION FROM HIS HOME TO THE JUBILEE HALL, RANGOON, WHERE THE LYING-IN-STATE TOOK PLACE: U Aung San, together with six other members of his Government, was killed when men armed with Sten guns forced their way into the Council Chamber, killing everyone present. U Aung San was aged thirty-three

THE BEREAVED FAMILY OF U AUNG SAN: Mrs. Aung San (wearing dark jacket) with her three children, two sons and one daughter. She married U Aung San during the days of the Japanese occupation in Burma. At first her husband worked with the Japanese, being one of the "thirty comrades from Burma" who underwent their military training in Japan, but later in the war he was associated with the Anti-Fascist People's Freedom League

On right—THE LYING-IN-STATE OF U AUNG SAN: Nearly 100,000 people watched the procession in the streets of Rangoon and afterwards citizens flocked into the Jubilee Hall to pay their last homage to the murdered leader. U Aung San had many enemies in the State, particularly those who looked askance upon his view that Burma should maintain the closest ties with the Commonwealth

EVIDENCE OF THE NATURE OF THE OPERATIONS IN INDONESIA—THE ADVANCE OF THE DUTCH MARINES AFTER A SEABORNE LANDING AT PROBOLINGO, ON THE EAST COAST OF JAVA: *Left*—**A Marine commander giving orders to his subordinates before continuing the attack on strongholds in the burning port.** *Right*—**An Indonesian soldier captured with his machine-gun in the first wave of the Probolingo attack**

What are the Dutch aims in Java? When hostilities between the Dutch and the Indonesians broke out again towards the end of July the points at issue did not seem altogether clear to the outside world; a fog of war hung over the Javanese battlefields. What was quickly established was that this was no police operation, as the Dutch averred, but was of the nature of a full-scale colonial war. The Dutch attacked because they said the Republicans did not keep their side of the March bargain, particularly as regards the policing of the interior. They had also permitted acts of violence. The Indonesians, calling their people to arms, attempted to rally world opinion. Mr. Sjahrir, the ex-Premier, was sent on a mission to Pandit Nehru at New Delhi. The direct result of that mission was an appeal by India to the Security Council of the United Nations, backed up by the political weight of Australia. Under Article 39 the Security Council are to be asked to "determine the existence of a breach of the peace." The accompanying pictures give some evidence of the nature of the fighting. They certainly indicate something much more red-blooded than the "police action" described by the Dutch in their communiques

THEY CALLED IT "THE HEART OF DEMOCRACY": Looking across the rooftops of Yennan, the former Communist capital in North-West China which was captured by Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek's Nationalist armies earlier in the present year. The Communists, realising that they could not hold Yennan, left it without a struggle, retreating towards the mountains

YENNAN: CHINA'S CAPTURED COMMUNIST CAPITAL

Scenes in the City Now Occupied by the Nationalists

When last March the Nationalist armies captured the old Red headquarters town of Yennan, the capital of Communist China, and the so-called heart of her democracy, it seemed that the Communist reign in North China was at an end; that in a few months they would be swept from the field and that the Generalissimo could turn his attention to the economic recovery of his sorely-pressed land. But it was not to be, and by the middle of June it was apparent that the Communists, capital or no capital, were for the time being winning the war north of the Yellow River. Although the Nationalists held the major cities and the rail-lines of North China, the Communists ruled the countryside and were preparing to garner the summer crops. In Shansi the Communists were in charge of three-fifths of the province, although the Governor managed to hold on to his dilapidated capital at Taiyuan, while in Manchuria the Government's hold was weaker than at any time in the past eighteen months.

When the Nationalists entered Yennan last March they found a city of old people and children. All the able-bodied citizens had left, to continue the struggle in the mountains. The three accompanying pictures give some idea of what the Press correspondents saw on arrival in Yennan. The Nationalists were eager to show what a ramshackle capital the Communists had created—a fact strangely in contrast to their original attitude of jubilation as the "stronghold" was about to fall into their hands. It seems evident enough that Yennan is no show-place, but it served a vital purpose for Maotze and his followers, and it was there that he trained many of the most stalwart adherents of his cause who are now resisting the Nationalists in guerilla warfare throughout the north

THE PEOPLE WHOM THE COMMUNISTS LEFT BEHIND IN YENNAN—WHEN THEY EVACUATED THEIR CITY IN THE FACE OF THE NATIONALIST ADVANCE IN NORTH-WEST CHINA THE COMMUNISTS FLED TO THE HILLS, BUT SOME THOUSANDS OF CITIZENS, MOSTLY THE VERY OLD AND THE VERY YOUNG, HAD TO BE ABANDONED: *Left*—**The captured Communists, who are now being cared for by the Red Cross.** *Right*—**Some of the male prisoners, whose ragged clothing bears testimony to the low standard of living obtaining in Yennan under the rule of the Communist chief, Mao Tze-Tung. Maotze described Yennan as "the heart of democracy in China"; but Press correspondents found it filthy, squalid and disease-ridden, with most of the people living either in caves or in mud huts**

ALL THAT WAS LEFT OF "OCEAN LIBERTY"—THE 7,000-TON NORWEGIAN SHIP AFTER SHE HAD BLOWN UP IN BREST HARBOUR WITH A CARGO OF 2,500 TONS OF NITRATE OF AMMONIA: Efforts were made to tow the "Ocean Liberty" out to sea when she caught fire, but the vessel stuck on a sandbank and it was impossible to get her off before the explosion. If the vessel had not been removed from the inner harbour, Brest might have suffered a large-scale disaster. As it was, twenty people were killed, hundreds were injured, and the damage to property was estimated at 500,000,000 francs

THE BREST NITRATE SHIP DISASTER

Scenes of Desolation in the French Seaport City

The blowing up of the Norwegian nitrate ship *Ocean Liberty* at Brest had several features curiously in common with the disaster in Texas City last May. On that occasion the French steamer *Grandcamp*, when loading a cargo of ammonium nitrate, caught fire at a wharf near the Monsanto Chemical Works in Galveston Bay, and she blew up as efforts were made to tow her out to sea. Exactly the same chain of events occurred at Brest, but fortunately the *Ocean Liberty* reached the outer harbour before the explosion occurred. As it was, red-hot metal rained down on the petrol stores, gasometers, and other installations round the port, very much in the manner that might be expected in an incendiary raid. The explosions shook the whole countryside in the neighbourhood of Brest, and the blast was of such force that many buildings were immediately affected. Flying glass did an immensity of damage and was responsible for a great proportion of the casualties. Eye-witnesses spoke of a mushroom-like cloud of yellow smoke which formed over the ship after the explosion, and it was little wonder that some of the populace fled from the port in panic. For a while communications between Brest and the outside world were cut off. There was emergency electric lighting. There was no gas, several gasometers having been damaged

WAREHOUSES BLAZING IN THE DOCK AREA OF BREST—A SCENE OF DEVASTATION SHORTLY AFTER THE "OCEAN LIBERTY" BLEW UP WHEN AGROUND ON A SANDBANK IN THE OUTER HARBOUR: This building housed oil fuel, and it continued to burn for many hours after catching fire. Most of the damage to shops and buildings took place in the old part of Brest, red-hot debris causing fires wherever it came down. Many people were wounded by flying glass

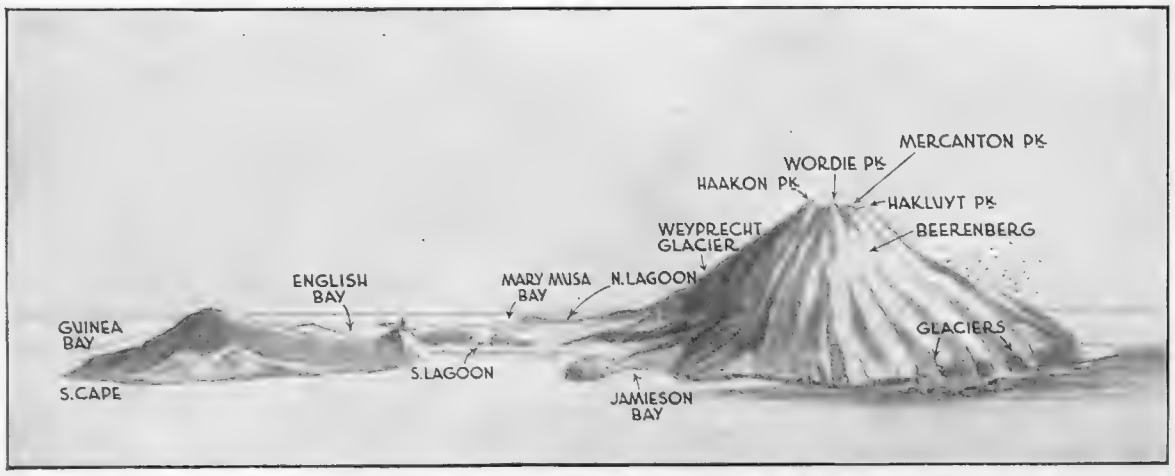
THE BOWS OF THE "OCEAN LIBERTY" REDUCED TO A MASS OF TWISTED STEEL: This picture evidences the colossal force of the explosion as the Norwegian ship blew up in the outer harbour at Brest. The explosion was felt on the English coast 120 miles away

THE START OF THE TROUBLE: This was the scene at the dock-side as the ship started burning, sending clouds of black smoke across the harbour. It was then that the decision was taken to tow the "Ocean Liberty" out of the harbour, and it was this that saved Brest from a large-scale disaster

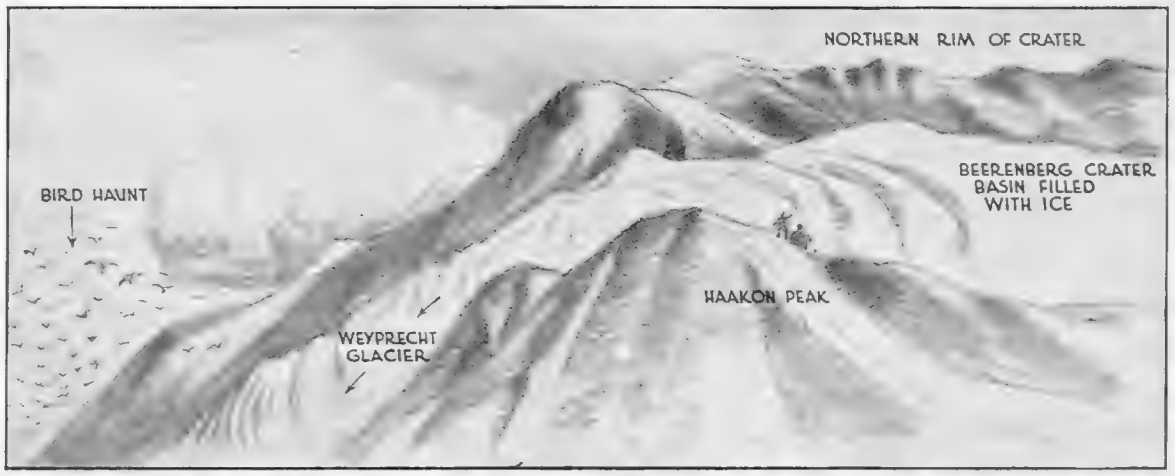
THE WAR-RAVAGED PORT OF BREST: Looking across one of the areas desolated during the war to the old town of Brest, where numerous fires broke out after the explosion

THE PLIGHT OF THE DISPOSSESSED: Members of a family leaving Brest with their salvaged belongings after their home had been burnt to the ground as a result of red-hot metal raining down. Hundreds of evacuees were immediately accommodated in nearby towns

THE DAMAGE TO SHORE INSTALLATIONS—A WAREHOUSE AT THE BREST DOCKS BROUGHT TO THE GROUND BY THE FORCE OF THE EXPLOSION IN THE OUTER HARBOUR: This particular warehouse was built at the close of the war to take the place of a structure destroyed by Allied bombing. Several people were crushed beneath the wreckage, and voluntary salvage squads had to be mobilised speedily. Taxis and private cars were used to rush the injured to hospital



JAN MAYEN ISLAND, HEADQUARTERS OF THE FIRST POST-WAR EXPEDITION FROM GREAT BRITAIN TO THE ARCTIC: Here seen from the southern aspect, Jan Mayen Island lies east of the Greenland coast, north of Iceland. It is a volcanic island and almost completely bare of vegetation. On the right in the drawing above can be seen the great, extinct volcano which rises to 8,000 ft., almost sheer from the sea—*Drawing by Percy Home*



THE ICE-FILLED CRATER OF BEERENBERG, JAN MAYEN ISLAND'S EXTINCT VOLCANO: Large glaciers occupy parts of the sides of the crater, and on the left of this drawing can be seen the Weyprecht Glacier leading down to the great haunt of sea-birds which feed in this area, where the fresh ice meets with the tide—*Drawing by Percy Home*

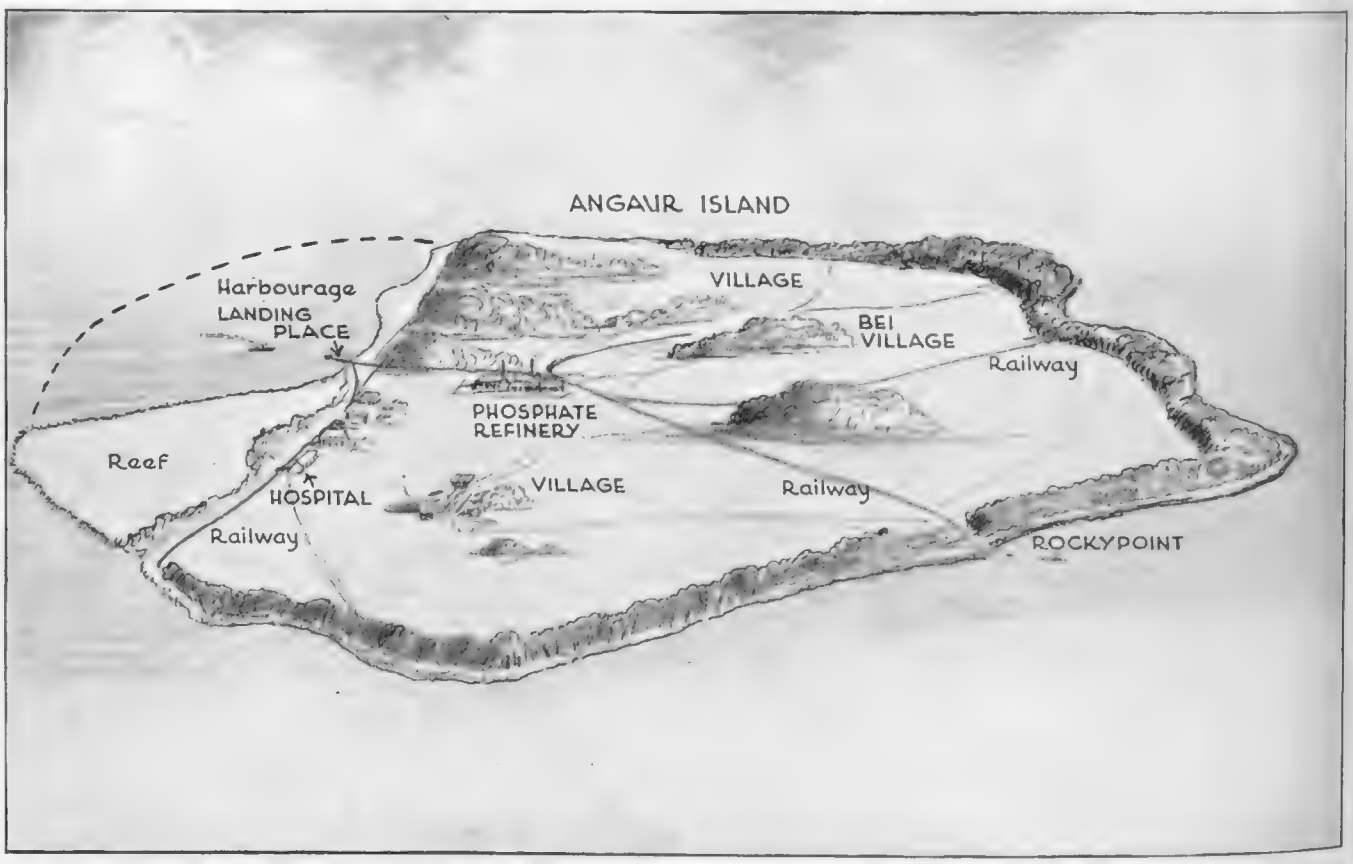
ISLANDS in the ARCTIC and the PACIFIC

The Oxford University Expedition: Protest Over Angaur Island: Fishing in Arctic Waters

The Oxford University Expedition which sailed recently for Jan Mayen Island, in the Greenland Sea, is the first British expedition to the Arctic since the war. It is led by Mr. A. J. Marshall, of Merton College, an Australian zoologist, and consists of eight scientists, a doctor, and a film unit comprising a director and two photographers. This expedition forms part of a scheme devised by the Oxford University Exploration Club, to train leaders for future expeditions. Another expedition is going to Iceland for the same purpose.

Jan Mayen Island was discovered in 1607 by the English navigator, Henry Hudson (who was in the Dutch service at the time), but was named after the Dutchman who rediscovered it in 1611. The island lies almost equidistant from Greenland, Iceland and Spitzbergen in the heart of the low-pressure area, which so often presages storms in Europe. It contains one of the three Norwegian meteorological stations in the Arctic which provide vital information for subsequent European weather reports. The island is volcanic, almost completely bare of vegetation and has a mean temperature of about 27·8 deg. Fah. In the past, whaling expeditions must have landed on the island, for the shores are dotted with huge bones

On right—Angaur Island is the nearest to Australia of Japan's pre-war possessions in the Pacific and was her chief naval base in that sphere. General MacArthur permitted the Japanese to start work again on the phosphate rock deposits on the island from July 1 of this year. This brought a protest from the Australian Government (following a similar protest against MacArthur's earlier decision to allow a second Japanese whaling expedition to the Antarctic), on the grounds that the U.S. authorities in Japan had not first consulted the other Allied Powers concerned. Later, it was reported that a British Foreign Office spokesman stated: "General MacArthur presumably did not consult the Far-Eastern Commission or the British Government before authorising the Japanese to operate the phosphate project on Angaur Island, in the Palaus." The United States headquarters takes the view that, since ". . . Angaur was captured by forces of the United States arms and is under United States control, there is no question as to the propriety of the United States utilising the indigenous resources of the island to meet the vital needs of the occupation of Japan."



ANGAUR ISLAND, IN THE PALAUS—THE SUBJECT OF A BRITISH AND AN AUSTRALIAN PROTEST TO THE UNITED STATES: The island, which was Japan's chief naval base in the South Pacific until its capture by United States Marines in September 1944, is the southernmost of the Palau group and lies 1,350 miles north of Darwin and 300 miles north of New Guinea. General MacArthur permitted the Japanese to work the phosphatic rock deposits, without first consulting the Far Eastern Commission—*Drawing by Percy Home*

FISHERY RESEARCH IN THE GREENLAND SEA—TRAWLERS OFF BEAR ISLAND, WHERE THE GREAT FISHERY IS TO BE INVESTIGATED : A special "Sphere" drawing by Montague Dawson showing Bear Island in the background. The Fisheries Laboratory at Lowestoft is to send a research ship to study the great shoals of haddock and young cod which congregate regularly in the Bear Island grounds. They hope to discover, in the first place, why the fish are there, since it is known that they do not actively feed there nor do they spawn. Some of the fish are immature, and the scientists will try to find out the nurseries which feed these immature fish and how the grounds are replenished. The team of scientists will be led by Mr. Michael Graham, and a ship, the *Ernest Holt*, is being specially fitted out for the expedition. The *Ernest Holt* will be modelled on the lines of a typical Arctic trawler, with a length of 175 ft. and a speed of about 12 knots. A specially strengthened hull will be necessary to negotiate ice-packs in the region. She is being built at Selby, Yorks., and should be launched early next year in readiness for an expedition the following June. On board will be a Merchant Navy commander and first mate with a crew of twenty-four and four scientists. Scientific instruments will include sea thermometers, sounding apparatus and tanks for examining specimens of sea life. The *Ernest Holt* will be fitted with two holds, one the orthodox type in which the catch is preserved in crushed ice, the other an experimental type with a new method of refrigeration which is being constructed by the Torry Research Station at Aberdeen

LINE-FISHING FOR HALIBUT IN ARCTIC WATERS—SCENES FROM A NEW FILM OF THE FISHERMEN WHO TAKE OUT THE 120-FT. LINE-BOATS : *On the left*, hauling in the fish ; *in the centre*, pulling the halibut aboard ; *on the right*, gutting the fish. The men who take out the little line-boats into Arctic waters often work a sixteen-hour day. Erik Cripps, of the Film Producers' Guild, decided to make a documentary film of their hazardous life, and the above pictures were taken during the trip. It takes three hours to shoot the line and twelve hours to haul it. The twenty-four lines are baited with frozen herring and shot over the side one every 9 ft. as the ship moves slowly forward. The location of the lines is marked by temporary buoys. If the luck is good, three halibut may be caught on each line and some weigh scores of pounds. The lines are hauled in by a steam winch, coupled to the engine boiler. When the fish are aboard they are thrown into a pond for gutting, then into another for washing. Sometimes the lines will foul a sharp rock on the sea-bed or be snapped by a shark. Then the ship has to be stopped and grappling-irons thrown out on the end of a long rope. The job is difficult and tedious, but the lines are worth about £30 each. After the haul is in, the lines must be rewound and repairs and resplicing carried out. The linesmen work on a share basis and provide their own lines

SOARING ABOVE THE SOLENT—THE SAUNDERS-ROE A1, THE FIRST JET-PROPELLED FLYING-BOAT FIGHTER, RUNNING HER TRIALS OFF COWES: The A1, with Mr. Geoffrey Tyson at the controls, gave a most impressive performance, rising easily from a choppy sea and showing a splendid level speed and rate of climb. At the time of writing, performance details have not been released, but the A1 should obviously be capable of improving on the seaplane record of 440 m.p.h. set up by Italy in 1934

Aviation News

THE FIRST JET FLYING-BOAT FIGHTER

And a New Version of the De Havilland "Swallow"

The first jet flying-boat fighter made its appearance last month and was much admired by holiday crowds as it swooped low over the waters of the Solent. The flying-boat fighter, a single-seat machine, is powered by two Metropolitan-Vickers F 2/4 axial-flow jet engines to which the name of Beryl has been given. The two engines, each developing 3,500 lbs. thrust for take-off, are installed side by side inside the nose of the hull. It is felt that this type of fighter could play a very important part in naval and military strategy, as, unlike the land fighter, it is relatively independent of fixed bases in the sense that any sheltered stretch of water will provide the runways required

THE A1 COMES TO REST IN COWES ROADS—BRITAIN'S FLYING-BOAT FIGHTER MAKING A GRACEFUL LANDING AFTER RUNNING ITS TRIALS WITH MR. GEOFFREY TYSON, CHIEF TEST PILOT OF SAUNDERS ROE, AT THE CONTROLS: The pilot is provided with an ejector-type seat, so that if he has to bale out at high speed he can jettison the cockpit canopy and then, by pressing a button, ensure that he and his seat are hurled clear of the aircraft. After that a normal parachute descent is made. The cockpit is pressurised for high flying. The wing span is 46 ft. and the length 50 ft. It is 17 ft. from cockpit to hull

THE A1'S UNUSUAL SILHOUETTE—THE NEW FLYING-BOAT FIGHTER MAKING A TURN DURING TRIALS OFF THE ISLE OF WIGHT: The single air-intake in the nose and the discharge-nozzles on either side of the hull can be plainly seen. This gives a very clear aerodynamic form. There is a single fin and high-set tail

A SECOND DE HAVILLAND SWALLOW IS RUNNING ITS TRIALS: The new machine taking off on a test flight from Hatfield Aerodrome, Herts, with John Cunningham, the wartime night-fighter ace, at the controls. The machine takes the place of the jet flying-wing lost in the Thames Estuary last year, when Geoffrey de Havilland was preparing it for an attempt on the world speed record

The death of Geoffrey de Havilland last year when flying the de Havilland Swallow on one of its series of test flights (in the course of which he many times unofficially broke the world's record) was a tragedy in more senses than one for the British aircraft industry. The de Havilland Company has persevered with the Swallow, however, and the new prototype has already emerged. The Swallow is a true flying-wing machine, with the wings swept back to an angle of about 43 deg., and the single fin and rudder are attached to the exhaust cone of the jet-propulsion engine. The first Swallow had a Goblin II engine. The new machine also has the Goblin, not the more powerful Ghost, at one time suggested. The Swallow has been evolved with a view to tackling the problems associated with travel around the sonic barrier. The first Swallow carried anti-spinning parachutes in the wings. These were housed in faired protuberances at the wing-tips and, as their name suggests, were intended to counteract a dangerous spin. We are informed that in the second Swallow these have been abandoned

On left—**THE NEW SWALLOW MAKES ITS MAIDEN FLIGHT:** The tailless jet plane seen travelling at speed above Hatfield Aerodrome, Hertfordshire. The wings are swept back at an angle of 43 deg.

Rear of Downing Street Houses *Kitchener Memorial* *THE FOREIGN OFFICE* *THE INDIA OFFICE*

THE RENAISSANCE SKYLINE FLANKING WHITEHALL—AN ARTIST'S IMPRESSION FROM ST. JAMES'S PARK OF THE GROUP OF GOVERNMENT OFFICES FROM THE TREASURY, ON THE EXTREME LEFT, TO THE FOREIGN OFFICE AND THE INDIA OFFICE (RIGHT) : Under the India Independence Bill, which officially reaches the Statute Book on August 15, the India Office, for so long the hub of all affairs affecting the vast sub-continent, will now be wound up and control will pass to the two new Dominions of India and Pakistan, the one with its capital in Delhi, the other in Karachi. The India Office was built out of Indian revenues, and there is a proviso in the 1935 Act that the premises shall be used only in connection with the relationship of the Crown to India. It is expected that some of the archives of the India Office will be transferred to the two new Dominion Governments, and that an amicable arrangement will be made with them about the future use of the India Office for some other Government purpose. The pictures on these pages give an excellent idea of the palatial nature of the India Office with its central courtyard built in the style of a Roman palazzo—*Drawing by W. P. Robins*

THE PASSING OF THE INDIA OFFICE

With the Creation of the Two New Dominions a Mighty Department of State is Ready to be Wound Up

THE CENTRAL COURTYARD OF THE INDIA OFFICE : A familiar sight to generations of proconsuls and India Office workers, but almost unknown to the generality of Londoners. The courtyard is based upon a similar courtyard in the Palazzo della Cancellaria in Rome, the work of a Tuscan architect at the end of the fifteenth century and an edifice of majestic simplicity. The British architect Digby Wyatt rather spoilt the effect with his meretricious additions, especially on the third storey, departing from that strict conformity with the ancient orders of architecture which made the original one of the noblest Renaissance monuments in Rome. The courtyard was built in 1866

THE STATUE OF LORD CLIVE ON THE STEPS LEADING TO ST. JAMES'S PARK : Whether there would have been a British Empire in India if Clive had not defeated the French and Indian forces vastly stronger in numbers than his own remains problematical. By winning the Battle of Plassey he made British influence dominant in India. Clive's wise administration purged the Government of Bengal of many scandals. He was both a great commander and a sensible ruler

WITHIN THE COUNCIL CHAMBER OF THE INDIA OFFICE—WHERE THE SECRETARY OF STATE FOR INDIA AND HIS ADVISERS DEBATED THE AFFAIRS OF EMPIRE: *Left*—This fireplace, with its marble carvings, once adorned the Directors' Court Room at East India House. The central panel, sculptured by Rysbrack in 1728, shows Britannia seated by the sea receiving the homage of India. *Right*—At the head of the Council Room, which contains many relics of the East India Company, is a large portrait of Warren Hastings which was bequeathed to the Company in 1800 by William Larkins. Hastings, in common with Clive, must be ranked as one of the founders of the Empire in India. It was he also who saved the British power from extinction at a time of crisis, but, through lack of funds, his methods were questionable. He created in Bengal, however, a better government than it had known since the days of Akbar, and, when he left India, British prestige was in the ascendant. "During the seven years of his trial Hastings bore himself with dignity. The nation made him tardy reparation

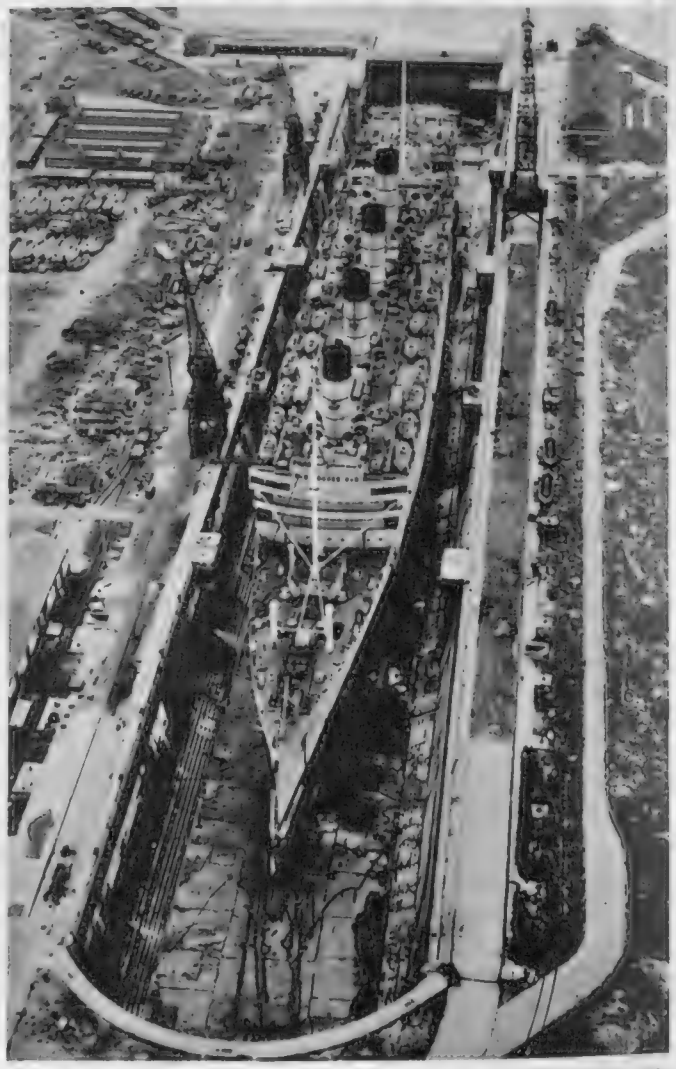
THE ADVISERS' READING-ROOM—ANOTHER STATELY APARTMENT AT THE INDIA OFFICE WHICH CONTAINS SO MANY RELICS OF THE OLD EAST INDIA COMPANY: Under the Act of 1935 the Secretary of State has not less than three and not more than six advisers, each a specialist upon some particular aspect of Indian affairs. At the head of the reading-room is a portrait of Napoleon Bonaparte presented to the East India Company by John Mangles, and the larger picture on the left shows Lord Clive receiving from the Nawab of Bengal the grant of a sum of money which was applied to establish the fund for disabled officers and men known as "Lord Clive's Fund." The picture was painted by Edward Penny in 1773. The two pedestal clocks were made for the East India Company by Aynesworth Thwaites, about 1760. One is a timepiece and the other shows the day of the week, the month, and also phases of the moon

THE PRINCESSES AT THE THEATRE: Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret, who were accompanied by Lieut. Mountbatten, arriving at the Coliseum, where they saw Emile Littler's "Annie Get Your Gun." This musical comedy importation from America already shows signs of being as great a success as "Oklahoma." The words and lyrics are by Irving Berlin

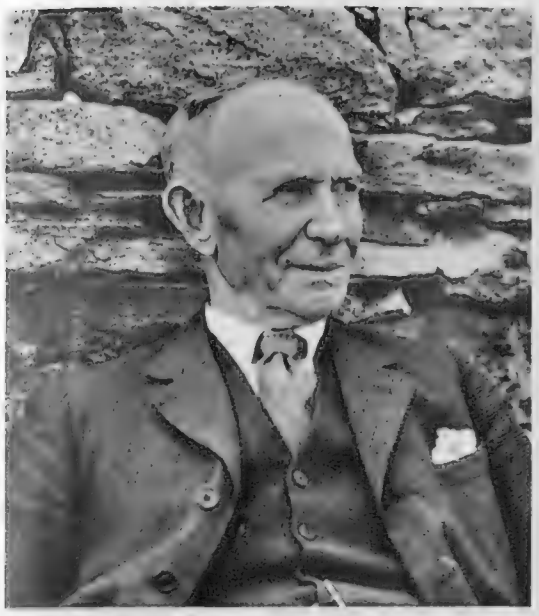
HOME NEWS IN PICTURES

DIESEL RETURNS BY AIR FROM THE UNITED STATES: The Gaekwar of Baroda's grey thoroughbred being led from the plane on arrival back in England. Diesel did not distinguish himself in America, being tailed off in an international race, the Invader's Handicap, at Belmont. The dirt track was entirely strange to Diesel, and the four-year-old never looked like winning

A WEEK OF PEAK ACTIVITY IN SOUTHAMPTON DOCKS—SOME OF THE GIANT LINERS WHICH FILLED ALMOST EVERY YARD OF QUAY SPACE: This picture was taken just before the "Queen Mary," newly-converted from service as a troop transport, set out across the Atlantic on her first post-war passenger voyage on the regular New York run. Behind the *Queen Mary* are a number of other lesser giants, exemplifying the extent to which our passenger services have now been restored. The completion of the *Queen Mary's* conversion marks a new stage in post-war traffic on the Western Ocean, as it allows the *Queen Mary* and her sister-ship, *Queen Elizabeth*, to operate for the first time an express shuttle service. Together these two 80,000-ton giants will share the greater portion of the trade, being able to offer weekly sailings from Southampton and New York. Whether they will be joined by the veteran *Aquitania* has not yet been decided. The *Aquitania*, recently in Southampton for overhaul, was launched in 1913 and has played her part in two world wars. Between the wars she made 291 crossings of the Atlantic. It is possible that her reconversion to peace-time service will prove too expensive to be worth while



THE "AQUITANIA" IN THE KING GEORGE V GRAVING DOCK: The 45,000-ton liner, which has not yet been released by the Government from emergency service, seen undergoing repairs at Southampton. This was her annual overhaul, and she has since sailed for Halifax. At the end of September it is possible the "Aquitania" will be handed back to Cunard-White Star



ANGUS MACLELLAN, THE AGED HISTORIAN OF BENBECULA : This veteran of one of the islands of the Outer Hebrides still keeps alive the traditional art of his forefathers, attending the Ceilidhs, the house visitings with which the islanders beguile the long winter nights. With Angus McMillan and James Mackinnon he is one of the last links in a chain of Celtic story-tellers stretching back to the dawn of history. Now their tales are being taken down by dictaphone by Calum Maclean, a member of the Irish Folklore Commission, who is journeying among the Hebrides in search of the last remaining story-tellers. The essence of folklore is that it is handed down by word of mouth. Few of the story-tellers write Gaelic, but they have not found the dictaphone disconcerting

JAMES MACKINNON OF BARRA (SECOND FROM LEFT) GATHERS A SMALL AUDIENCE OF ISLANDERS AT A PICTURESQUE POINT ABOVE THE LOCH : This veteran story-teller of the Outer Hebrides is still a great favourite, and his admirers claim that he can talk for days without repeating himself. His stories are now being recorded by dictaphone by the Irish Folklore Commission. But for the Commission's work most of the stories would have been lost, as there are no islanders minded to carry on the tradition

YOUTH HAS ITS FLING : These three girls of the City of London School for Girls, Carmelite Street, E.C.4, are leaving at the end of this term, and to mark the occasion in traditional fashion they threw their hats over Blackfriars Bridge. They seemed mightily pleased about the whole affair, and to judge by the hat still remaining they had little to regret

THE MAYOR OF BIRMINGHAM, ALABAMA, UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, PAYS A VISIT TO BIRMINGHAM, WARWICKSHIRE, ENGLAND : Mr. Cooper Green speaking at Birmingham Rotary Club, when he was officially entertained together with Mr. George Wilson Welsh, Mayor of Grand Rapids, Michigan. During his stay in England Mr. Cooper Green has visited Sulgrave Manor, home of George Washington

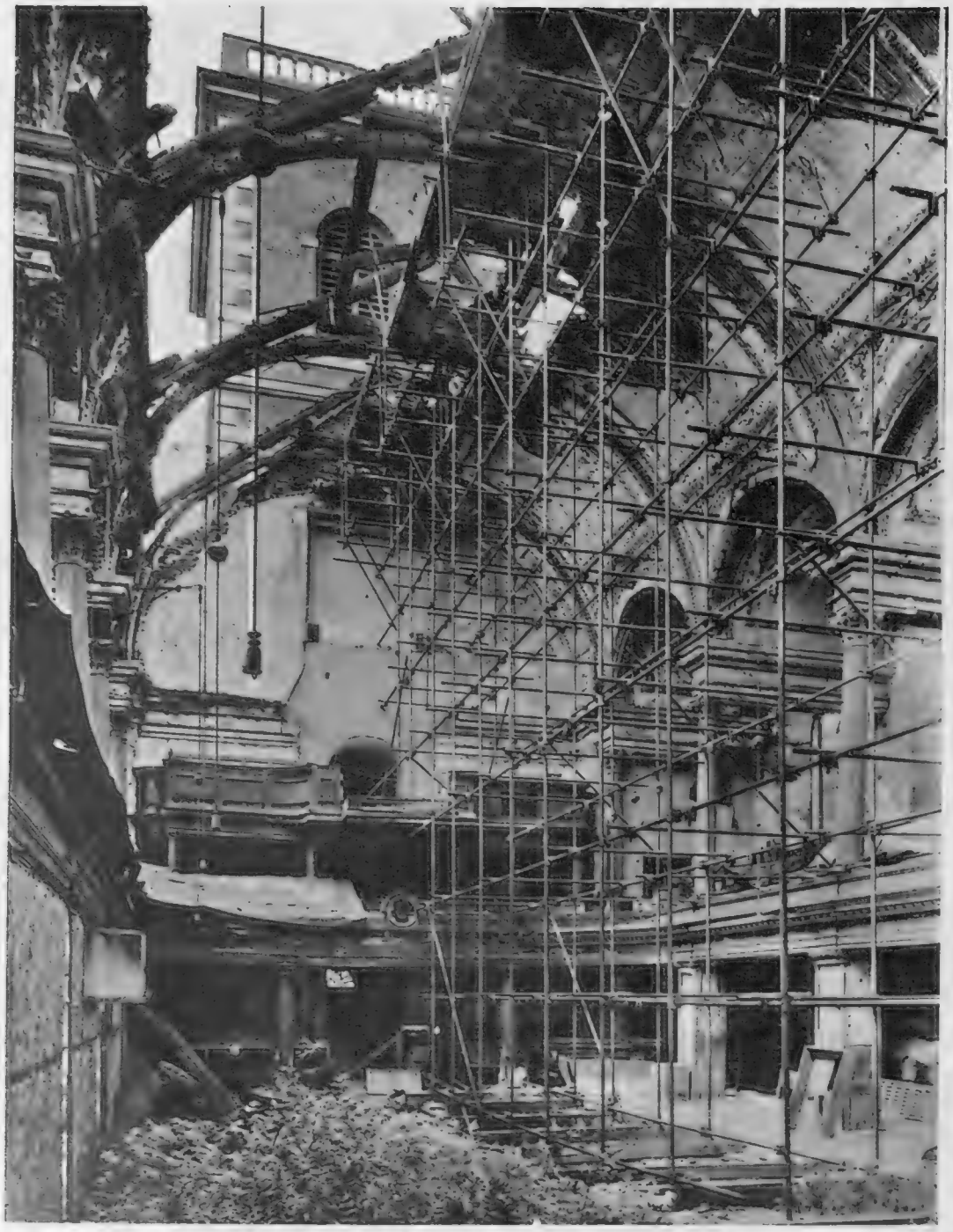
A QUARTET OF SEA EAGLES—FOUR OF THE LATEST-TYPE CABIN CRUISERS RUNNING THEIR OCEAN TRIALS OFF THE SOUTH COAST : The four motor-boats were built at the Osbourne Yards, Littlehampton, and are good sea-going craft with moderate top-hamper. The demand for motor-boats remains very largely unsatisfied, and even the disposal of large numbers of surplus craft by the Royal Navy has not tended to bring prices back anywhere near the pre-war levels

RESTORING ST. JAMES'S: WREN'S PICCADILLY MASTERPIECE

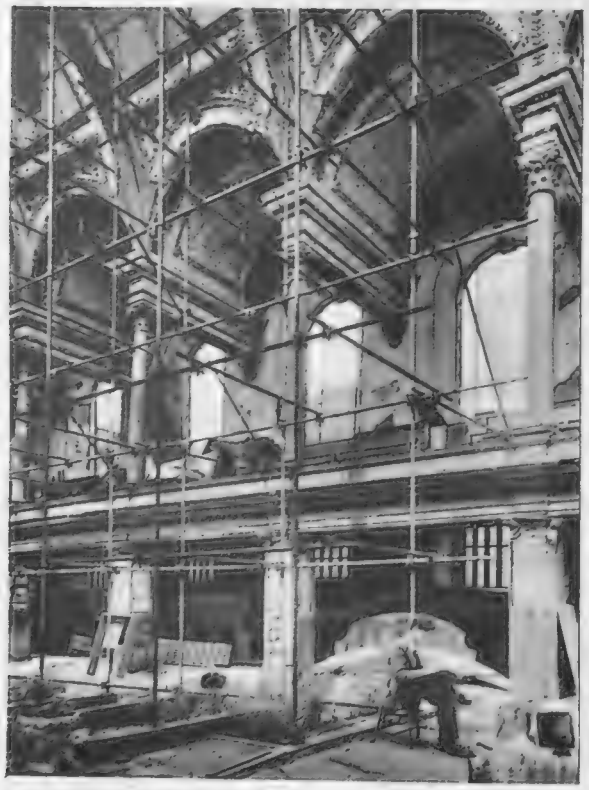
A New Sword for Richard the Lion Heart; An Exhibition of Guildhall Treasures

ST. JAMES'S, PICCADILLY, AS IT WAS BEFORE THE BLITZ: It was built by Wren in 1680 at the expense of Henry Jermyn, Earl of St. Albans, owing its erection to the increase in the size of the Parish of St. Martin-in-the-Fields. In restoring the church the first consideration is to strengthen the shattered north wall

When the Luftwaffe attempted to fire London the Wren churches suffered tragically. A stroll through the City from St. Bride's, that "madrigal in stone," to the Tower provides evidence enough of London's loss. There is satisfaction only in the fact that St. Paul's, although narrowly, survived the ordeal. One of the first of the Wren churches to suffer was St. James's, Piccadilly, and, appropriately enough, it is the first to be considered for restoration. Much importance attaches to this first attempt at church reconstruction, and it is understood that the work is being entrusted to craftsmen trained in the intricacies of structural work on ecclesiastical buildings, but whose skill is not required for house-building

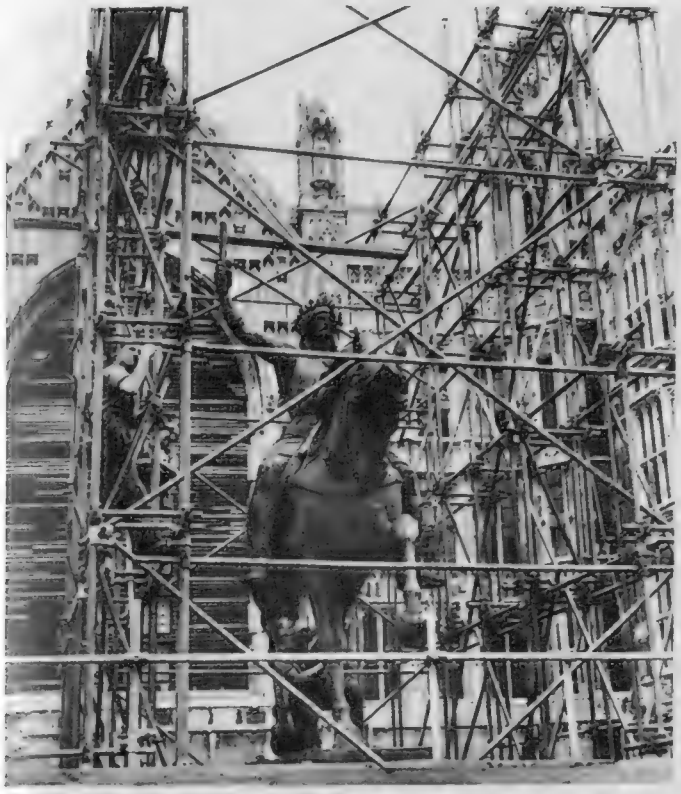


ONE OF THE FIRST OF THE LONDON CHURCHES TO BE WRECKED BY ENEMY BOMBS: An interior view of St. James's, Piccadilly, which is now undergoing repair, a licence for the work having just been granted by the Department of Ancient Monuments



LOOKING TOWARDS THE NORTH WALL OF ST. JAMES'S: Although it will be impossible to straighten out this wall completely, a great deal can be done, and it is here that the restorers are now starting their work

THE ORIGINAL PLASTER-WORK SUFFERED BADLY IN THE FIRE: A detail of the roof of the nave on the north side of St. James's. It is good to know that all the Grinling Gibbons carvings for which the church was celebrated are safe. During the war they were housed in the vaults of one of the Kensington museums. With the famous organ case, the gift of Mary of Modena, they will now be restored



RICHARD CŒUR DE LION WITHSTOOD THE BLASTS OF THE LUFTWAFFE; NOW HE IS BEING RESTORED: The celebrated statue of the Crusader King stands outside the House of Lords. Richard's uplifted sword was bent by blast from a bomb, and the bronzework of the statue and pedestal received other damage. Members of Parliament urged that the bent sword should be allowed to remain as a symbol of Britain's single-handed fight against Germany, but not long ago the bend in the sword became more pronounced as a result of a gale. The Ministry of Works decided to break off the damaged portion because of danger to the public, and it will now be replaced

...ow—The Guildhall Museum is essentially the treasure-house of the ...quities of the City of London, and it is good to know that a further selection ... ese treasures, hidden throughout the war years, is now open to view. The ... ...ects are on view in an apartment adjoining the Library of Guildhall, and ... include Roman and Medieval jewellery, church plate, coins and medals, ...minated manuscripts, and part of the celebrated Friday Street hoard which ... found in Cheapside in 1912 and distributed between the Guildhall Museum ... the London Museum. The Guildhall Museum itself suffered severely ... the Guildhall was half destroyed in the blitz, and it will be some years ... re it has permanent accommodation again with all exhibits on view

A TUDOR DOORWAY REVEALED BY BOMB CLEARANCE: An interesting discovery at St. Bartholomew the Great, the Norman church in Smithfield. The clearing of some adjoining bombed houses has revealed this perfect stone Tudor doorway. It is above the vaulting of the cloister and fits in with the staircase leading to the dortour or dormitory, and the style resembles other work under the Chapel of Prior Bolton's time. The property belongs to St. Bartholomew's Hospital. It is planned to build on the site a block for paying patients, and it is hoped that the new building will not obscure the doorway so fortunately revealed. Strangely enough, in the First World War a Zeppelin bomb brought to light a timbered Tudor gatehouse not far from the same spot and also on St. Bartholomew's property. St. Bartholomew's is the second oldest church in London

TREASURED RELICS OF BYGONE LONDON—TWO EXHIBITS FROM THE GUILDHALL MUSEUM NOW ON EXHIBITION IN AN APARTMENT ADJOINING GUILDHALL LIBRARY: *Left*—An elaborate necklace from the celebrated Friday Street hoard of jewellery discovered in Cheapside in 1912, and (*right*) a Beadle's Staff of the Blacksmiths' Company bearing the date 1659 and the words, "By hammer and hand all arts do stand." This first post-war exhibition of the Museum's treasures has been arranged by Mr. Adrian Oswald, who proposes to change the displays at intervals in order to make up for the limited accommodation

IN THE WAKE OF CAPTAIN WEBB

A Survey of Past Attempts to Swim the Channel and Their Varied Personalities

By CHARLES GRAVES

THE 1947 cross-Channel swimming season began with a splash last week when thirty-two French Boy Scouts, taking turns of half an hour each from Cap Gris Nez to Dover, covered the distance in eleven hours. During the swim they met with choppy seas, and many found the water so cold that they greased their bodies. The regular aspirants to cross-Channel swimming fame always, of course, grease their bodies, because in mid-Channel the water never exceeds 52 degrees, and numbness is very liable to set in.

Captain Webb was the first to swim the Channel in 1875, going from England to France and winning a £5,000 prize. This was his second attempt. He was twenty-two hours in the water. Later on, £1,400 was raised in subscription for him, but he went through the money and was finally killed trying to negotiate the Niagara Falls. A year later a man named Cavill claimed to have performed the feat from Cap Gris Nez to South Foreland, but this was immediately disputed, as was also the claim by Davis Dalton in 1890.

Many attempts were made after the turn of the century to swim the Channel. Montagu Holbein and Jabez Wolffe made a number of attempts. Holbein got to within two miles of Dover before the ebb-tide made him give up the attempt. At last, in September 1911, Thomas Burgess succeeded on his thirteenth attempt to swim from England to France. Until 1922, these two claims were the only ones accepted by the Channel Swimming Association, but many other attempts and claims had been made in the interim. The first woman to try it was Madame Walburga von Isacescu in 1900. She swam 20 miles in ten hours from Calais and then gave up. At first, the Channel Swimming Association did not accept Sullivan's claim to have swum the Channel in 1923, but later this was generally accepted.

The greatest hero of the cross-Channel swim is undoubtedly E. H. Temme, who is to-day the Superintendent of the Hampstead Baths, and who is the only man who ever swam the Channel in both directions. "It is much more difficult to swim from England to France than it is from France to England," he told me. "The primary reason is that there is a strong off-set tide on the French coast, and there are far fewer days in the year when it is possible to get across from north to south. Indeed, you can only do it on the neap-tides." When I asked him about the various claims of people who had swum the Channel and the refusal of the Channel Swimming Association to endorse them, he said: "All that the Channel Swimming Association asks before accepting a claim is that it should be shown the log and the chart of the swim, together with affidavits from responsible witnesses present on the voyage across. If a swimmer cannot produce them, naturally the claim is disallowed. The swimmer must be able to say where he or she was at a certain time. After all, there are buoys right across the Channel. In fact, it is relatively as well marked-out as Piccadilly Circus. It is therefore perfectly simple to provide all the necessary data." Mr. Temme then went on to explain that swimming the Channel is quite an expensive business nowadays. A tug costs £100; the pilot costs £50; a motor-boat costs £30; a row-boat and two men cost £10; on top of that, there is the cost of the trainer, the food for the trip, and all the expenses up to the final swim, amounting to £400 in all.

One of the most famous claims to have swum the Channel was that of Dr. Dorothy Logan, of Harley Street, who swam under the *nom de manche* of Mona MacLellan. She was in the process of being awarded £1,000—the prize offered by a Sunday newspaper—when she confessed that the whole thing was a hoax, and that she had done it in order to prove to the world that it was easy to make a false claim. She admitted that after swimming out of sight of land from France she had got into the accompanying fishing-boat and crossed the Channel in it up to within three miles of the English coast before entering the water again.

The first woman to swim the Channel was Gertrude Ederle, but after her exploit the rules were altered and it was no longer possible for a swimmer to have one tug on either side to protect him or her from the waves while making the attempt. Miss Ederle, incidentally, never really "cashed in" on her performance. After having been driven through New York in triumph, with the ticker paper producing an artificial snowstorm from the tops of the skyscrapers, she disappeared from view until 1943, when she was found working in an aircraft factory. Ivy Hawk, who swam the Channel between the wars, now lives in Surbiton. She is married and has two children. Jabez Wolffe and Montagu Holbein both died within a few months of each other—one at the age of sixty-six and the other at the age of eighty-three. Against that, Mr. Derham, who claimed to have swum the Channel in the '30's, collapsed and died at the age of fifty.

The lure of the Channel swim has attracted the most astonishing variety of nationalities and individuals. There was Hilda Sharpe, the nursemaid; Mercedes Gleitze, the typist; there was Fernley Wheatcroft, the Battersea Park gardener; there was Zimmy Zibelman, the legless American who smoked cigars as he swam; there was Haydon Tailor, the Cleethorpes dentist; there was Michel, the Paris baker, whose claim to have swum the Channel in eleven hours and five minutes has never been officially recognised. An Egyptian giant, a Norwegian policeman, an Austrian housewife, a German business-man, a Danish waitress, and a Chilean wine merchant have all tried to swim the Channel, and several of them have succeeded. Not that there is any real monetary reward for it to-day. There is no longer a £1,000 prize to beat the time of Gertrude Ederle; nor do newspapers pay much for "ghosted" articles. A certain amount of money can be picked up by giving swimming exhibitions, but that is all except for possible testimonials on the strength-giving qualities of the tablets and several vitamin-giving foods eaten by the swimmers on the journey across. As for the food, a glance through the files shows how the swimmers regaled themselves with the most astonishing variety of victuals—pineapples, pears, lemonade, and currant-tart are cases in point.

Tom Blower, who swam the Channel in 1937 and has just swum to Scotland from Ireland, was more sensible. He took chicken jelly, soup, toast, tea and glucose. His swim was typical of the difficulties which confront the aspirant to Channel honours. Leaving Cap Gris Nez at 5.5 a.m., he got to within four miles of the Admiralty Pier at Dover without any great trouble, but when he began to make for the harbour the current took him east to St. Margaret's Bay, where the south-west tide drove him in a westerly direction right past Dover, and he finally landed at a disused colliery works still farther west.

The Channel tides can, indeed, be extremely tantalising, and the best swimmer needs a good deal of luck. Without expert assistance, it is impossible to perform the feat. If a swimmer does not catch the tide at the right time, he may swim for a week and still be nearer his starting-point than his goal. The chart of Captain Webb's swim is very nearly semi-circular, and more than one unsuccessful contender has swum over fifty miles before being compelled to give up.

Among the women whom I have not yet mentioned whose claims have been granted are Peggy Duncan and Sunny Lowry, Mrs. Corson, Frau Faber and Sally Bauer—the last-named was a Swede who swam the Channel only four days before the outbreak of war. Of the other men, there are Tiroboschi, of the Argentine, and Charles Toth, of the United States.

In 1946 a Dane and a South American both made unsuccessful attempts, the South American claiming that he had spent over £2,000 on his two tries. So far, there have been no post-war attempts by British swimmers, but Jerry Kerscher, of Miami, airily announced in 1946 that he would come over this year and, starting from Dover, would swim to Calais and return without stopping! This is even better than the promise of a Scandinavian girl, who said she would enter the water at Ostend and swim the 61 miles to Dover.

But the one I admire most is General Freyberg, V.C., who made a number of unsuccessful anonymous attempts. He needed neither fame nor money as an incentive.

FRENCH BOY SCOUTS SWIM THE CHANNEL IN RELAYS: Maurice Lefeuvre, of the Paris Sea Scouts, swimming beside one of the two French submarine chasers which brought the French contingent to England. Thirty-two of the boys swam the Channel in relays, and they took in all eleven hours from Cap Gris Nez to Dover. The object of their visit was to present an invitation to British Boy Scouts to attend the International Jamboree, which begins in France to-day, August 9

A CHANNEL ASPIRANT IN TRAINING: The young Danish swimmer Elna Andersen has been practising at Dover for a further attempt to swim the Channel. On her last attempt she entered the water at Cap Gris Nez and gave up after 2 hrs. 20 mins., weather conditions being against her

HANDING OVER THE BATON: One of the French Boy Scouts dives into the English Channel just off Dover, to take over the cross-Channel swim from his team-mate, who is about to climb aboard

THE BASCULE BRIDGE LETS THE TUGS GO BY: A busy scene at the east end of the King George V Dock. The north bascule of the bridge over the entrance lock was destroyed by a V 2 rocket, and since then traffic has had to make a three-mile detour. Now the bridge has been restored, and the special bus service, called the "Rocket Express," which made the detour has been replaced by the normal service. Dockers going to work from East Ham save many minutes

THE LOCK GATES ARE SHUT AND THE BRIDGE IS DOWN: The diversion signs have been removed, and workers in East Ham are able to reach the area in quick time

ONCE AGAIN THE TRAFFIC FLOWS THROUGH DOCKLAND

The Restoration of the Bascule Bridge in London's King George V Dock

LOW TIDE AT THE KING GEORGE V DOCK: Lighters and tugs waiting to pass through the lock gates. The newly-restored bridge is down, and for the first time for nearly three years traffic flows normally

L.P.T.B. SERVICE NO. 101 IS ITSELF AGAIN: A bus passing over the newly-restored bascule bridge, which stands at the east end of the King George V Dock

During the war London's major bridges across the Thames were fortunate indeed. There were emergency structures at Chelsea and Hungerford, but neither the Luftwaffe's bombs nor the rockets seriously impeded cross-river traffic. One unlucky hit in Dockland provided a vast inconvenience, however, and the destruction by a V 2 of the north bascule of the bridge at the east end of the King George V Dock caused workers to make a three-mile detour. Special permission was given for a bus service to run through Dockland. Now the "Rocket Express," as it was called, has come to an end, and traffic speeds over the new bascule

THE ELECTRIC CONTROL HOUSE AT THE BRIDGEHEAD: Here the operator watches the flow of traffic by means of a system of red and green lights. At high tide he gives the appropriate signal and raises the bridge to allow the waterborne traffic to proceed on its way

The World of Books—By VERNON FANE

FIFTEEN MORE TALES FROM MAUGHAM

Each Bears the Signature of the Master, and One at Least is Wholly Unexpected in its Handling

IT is some years since Mr. Somerset Maugham wrote in a preface to a volume of short stories, significantly titled *The Mixture as Before*, "I shall not write any more stories." In the preface to CREATURES OF CIRCUMSTANCE (Heinemann. 10s. 6d.), Mr. Maugham blames the proof-reader and claims that he had written *many* and not *any*. He says that some of the stories in *Creatures of Circumstance* were written long ago, and that it is merely that he could not find a place for them in *The Mixture as Before*, and he goes on to say that they have all been published in magazines.

There is a tendency among critics, Mr. Maugham declares, to depreciate the magazine story and to dismiss it with contumely. "But when the critics do this they show less acumen than may reasonably be expected of them." Balzac, Flaubert and Maupassant; Chekov, Henry James, Rudyard Kipling, all published short stories in magazines.

Mr. Maugham goes on to ascribe this critical aversion to magazine stories to the influence of Chekov, or, rather, to "the influence of an inadequate acquaintance with Chekov." It leads some of them to believe that stories could begin anywhere and end inconclusively. Mr. Somerset Maugham, on the other hand, not only believes, but practises the belief, that every story should have a beginning, a middle and an end, and it should have enough incident to carry the reader along and to retain his interest to the end. One can carry the argument further and point to the invidious distinction often drawn between the short story and the novel as if the technique of both were entirely different.

I think it was H. G. Wells who said that a short story was merely a short fiction, and a novel a longer one. It is obvious that in the short story the writer has to practise economy and self-discipline in the development of his characters, and has even to rely upon the impression left in the mind of the reader. Perhaps it is because of Mr. Maugham's undisputed mastery of the technique of writing fiction that he can demonstrate something approaching perfection in the handling of short fiction as well as in the craft of the novelist.

Each single one of his fifteen stories bears the signature of the master, but perhaps the best is "Sanatorium," in which Mr. Maugham displays a tender understanding in the handling of a love-theme.

"It has amused me," says Mr. Maugham, "to tell stories and I have told a great many. It is a misfortune for me that the telling of a story just for the sake of the story is not an activity that is in favour with the intelligentsia. I endeavour to bear my misfortune with fortitude."

Mrs. Sarah Gertrude Millin is a distinguished South African lady who enjoys the friendship and confidence, it seems, of Field Marshal Smuts, and who has had the industry, during the past eight or nine years, to record not only the world news as it might be gleaned from newspapers, but her own shrewd and sometimes emotional reactions to it. One result of this work has been a volume, a kind of war diary, called THE SOUND OF THE TRUMPET (Faber and Faber. 16s.), which takes the reader through the principal events of the war, as seen from that viewpoint, from the beginning of September 1942 to the end of August 1943.

You may not be able to read this book at one sitting, or even at twelve sustained sittings, but if you read it at all, it will be with careful thought.

Mr. Michael Harrison's new novel is well observed, thoughtful, erudite, lucidly though not solidly reasoned, and thoroughly depressing.

TREADMILL (John Langdon. 8s. 6d.) has a facile beginning for the equally facile reader, and can, in fact, be read from end to end with mild interest and be safely and reasonably ignored. What is interesting in each example of this routine is whether the author has also been able to dream up a few credible characters to live in the house and visit it for their special purposes.

Mr. Barrett takes a traditional and clear-cut line about this. The house in New York State—which should never be confused with cosmopolitan and worldly New York—is an old, austere and beautiful farmstead, in the service of which one old woman and one young woman are gradually wearing themselves to shadows. To them appears, one wintry night, a young American who is convinced that his family has a claim to the place. He is just back from the war (European phase) and regards the proving of his title as a mission easily accomplished during a leave.

He is wrong, of course, because the title of the place has been disputed since the days of the War Between the States, and because the current heir is a very attractive young woman. Nevertheless, an entertaining little romance, and one not without intelligence.

Given a hero who is a psychiatrist, and a suspect who, although a sturdy young man, wears a red flower in his hair and tethers large horses to city lamp-posts, you have the makings of an unusual detective story, to say the least of it. THE DEADLY PERCHERON (Gollancz. 8s. 6d.) is a story based on New York and Coney Island. Mr. J. F. Bardin's story is involuted and subtle. He expects his readers—and I think rightly—to have some degree of imagination and perception, and not only expects it, but counts on it. The result is an unusual book, for thriller experts only.

HUGHENDEN MANOR PASSES INTO THE CARE OF THE NATIONAL TRUST—THE BUCKINGHAMSHIRE HOME OF THE EARL OF BEACONSFIELD, WHICH CONTAINS RELICS AND PERSONAL BELONGINGS OF THE GREAT STATESMAN, MAY SHORTLY BE OPENED AS A MUSEUM: The estate was until lately held in special trust and it now comes into the national possession 100 years after Disraeli bought the property. When Disraeli came to Hughenden it marked for the time being the end of his literary output and the start of his efforts to build up a new Conservative Party out of the demoralised fragments of the old. He lived there until his death in 1881

VISION OF PERU (Duckworth. 21s.) is a book of travel and historical reminiscences, admirably titled by its author, Mrs. Violet Clifton, who has for years lived in Peru, in Bolivia, and in Ecuador, and who recalls not only the ancient days of those nations, but the present history of birds and animals and flowers. The author has simplified nothing for her readers, as witness the six-chapter Foreword, but it is so evident that her own burning enthusiasm for her subject has guided her prolific and informed pen that one can only bow respectfully to the sum total of her findings.

Since Mexico is a country that I have never visited and perpetually and increasingly want to know, any history or treatise or summary or opinion on it finds a ready audience in me. Mr. Norman Wright was British Military Attaché to the Mexican Government during the war, and announces himself with becoming diffidence as the ninety-third British writer on Mexico. Nevertheless, his MEXICAN KALEIDOSCOPE (Heinemann. 15s.) has great freshness and a valuable contemporary quality, and I recommend it sincerely to all those who, like myself, are at present forced to be armchair travellers only.

ESCAPE TO TEXAS

A Best-Selling Novel and Its Brooklyn Author; A Memoir of Dunkirk, and Other Books Briefly Reviewed

In the past half-century American writers have excelled in the territorial novel. In this medium they have found a niche secure in modern literature. They have taken the history of their country, the rugged story of pioneering and adventure, and they have brought it to life. Edna Ferber's *Cimarron* was an unforgettable description of the early days in Oklahoma; Mary Chase chose as her theme the golden age of the Maine clippers; while Margaret Mitchell, exact in her historical accounting, made real the Atlanta of Civil War days. We have, indeed, had a host of such novels, some of them near masterpieces, but the latest and most heralded of them, DUEL IN THE SUN (W. H. Allen. 9s. 6d.), is, it must be said, a marked disappointment. Brooklyn-born Niven Busch sets the background for his drama on the McCanles' ranch, deep in the heart of Texas; but the story of Pearl Chavez, the barefooted waif who became a legend at Paradise Flats, might just as well have had its setting in Idaho, Wyoming, or the Dakotas. As a tale of family conflicts, *Duel in the Sun* is undeniably exciting, but somehow it lacks the authentic touch. It is probably the best novel about the south-west ever written by a man from Brooklyn, and, perhaps, just for that very reason it has sold in every town and city from New York beyond the Rockies to the Pacific coast. This is escape literature, labelled firmly and unmistakably.

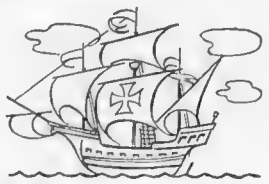
A language maintains its vitality because it is changing constantly, the plaything of untutored but imaginative minds. In one decade, particularly if it coincides with a period of war, when words and phrases more readily leap their national barriers, the changes are plain to hear and often enough highly disconcerting. The need is paramount, then, for men to keep watch upon the development of our language, discerning debasement as and when it appears. Eric Partridge is one of these self-appointed guardians of English, and those who have read his racy *Dictionary of Clichés* will now welcome his USAGE AND ABUSAGE (Hamish Hamilton. 15s.). The author's chapter on War Adoptions and Adaptations is particularly comprehensive, with Germany, as might be suspected, revealed as a vast contributor of new words that sue for a place in the English Dictionary. Mr. Partridge is both erudite and witty, and some of his definitions are quite in the Johnsonian manner.

In June 1940 the Press told Britain and the English-speaking world of "The Epic of Dunkirk." This was the headline they gave to the great deliverance; around it they shed a dramatic aura, and the story put heart and determination into the British people; they worked as though spurred on by tidings of some vast success. The gathering legend served a mighty purpose. But how did Dunkirk strike the Army, and their naval deliverers? For all its drama and all its danger, it seems that the man on the spot, weary to the point of utter exhaustion, focused his attention upon the prosaic, humdrum things, and on those dread beaches stretching away to the dunes of La Panne he thought no more of glory than the guards in their stately advance at Dettingen or the kilted regiments as they dashed through the heather at Busaco. In his MEMOIR OF JOHN RUTHERFORD CROSBY (printed for private circulation by University Press, Glasgow), George Blake, telling the story of this young naval officer who survived Dunkirk but lost his life later in the war, uses Crosby's letters to build up a truly remarkable impression of the Dunkirk evacuation, remarkable because the atmosphere is obviously authentic. The account, shorn of all heroics, crystallises in a few pages the withdrawal from the burning port, in which Crosby was instrumental in bringing 3,500 men to safety, the troops wading to the paddle-steamer flotillas, and the dive-bombing upon the sands. At the finish we are left with the impression of a young man who did his job, and in whose character was the essence of the English spirit. This is a model memoir; a model of restraint and of the way such books should be produced.

Here are four crime books essentially for holiday reading. That is to say, they are better read in the broad light of day, on the wide open sands, than at home on a winter's night. DEATH OF AN AUTHOR, by John Rhode (Geoffrey Bles. 8s. 6d.), and CHILD'S PLAY, by Alice Campbell (Collins. 8s. 6d.), both have particularly ingenious plots, while PRUSSIAN BLUE (Geoffrey Bles. 8s. 6d.), by Anne Hocking, relies more on clever delineation of character against a background of tragedy. TWILIGHT STORIES (Home and Van Thal. 6s.) is another of those slim volumes we are accustomed to receive from this publishing house. The author, Rhoda Broughton, was a popular novelist in the '70's. She was a niece of Sheridan Le Fanu, that master of the macabre, and wrote her short stories in an admirable crisp style with a swift, unerring approach to the *dénouement*. Her verbose three-decker novels, written, we are told, to suit the popular taste of her time, were very different.

YOUR SHARE IN

a Cargo of Glamour



Cussons' New Lipsticks in 5 entrancing shades captured export markets so successfully that a quota is now released for the women of this country.

LIPSTICK BY Cussons

CUSSONS SONS & CO LTD, 84, BROOK STREET, LONDON W1.

The 2½ litre 6 cylinder

LAGONDA

DESIGNED BY

W O Bentley

LAGONDA LIMITED STAINES ENGLAND

K·L·M

Flying more Services to more places

Greater facilities for business and holiday travel than ever before to the principal cities of Europe, with speedier and more frequent connecting services and always those extra courtesies and conveniences enjoyed by all who choose to "fly K·L·M".

Your Travel Agent will welcome an opportunity to acquaint you with particulars of the extensive K·L·M network — 39,000 miles of air routes serving 5 continents.

Fly K·L·M

ROYAL DUTCH AIRLINES

Central Reservation Office: 202/4, Sloane Street, S.W.1 (SLOane 9656) and at MANCHESTER, PRESTWICK and DUBLIN.

RELIABILITY. PUNCTUALITY. COMFORT. SPEED

Re-opened...

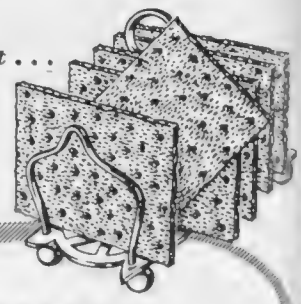
the new Coty Salon in Bond Street. Here, amid luxurious surroundings, experts are ready to give you both advice and treatment for the care of the skin. They will also help you make your choice from the famous Coty perfumes, colognes and lavender water . . . now available in limited quantities.

THE Coty SALON

3 NEW BOND STREET LONDON W.1
(Next door to our former Salon)

MR. PEEK :
To give yourself an all-wheat treat . . .

MR. FREAN :
At any meal, take Vita-Weat



By Appointment
Peek Frean & Co. Ltd.
Biscuit & Vita-Weat
Crispbread Manufacturers

PEEK FREAN'S
Vita-Weat
THE CRISPBREAD THAT IS ALL WHEAT

Headache ?

TAKE A COUPLE OF
ANADIN
TABLETS INSTEAD!

They work quickly and safely because, in them, pure Aspirin is balanced with Phenacetin, Caffeine and Quinine, the products known to fortify and sustain the effects of Aspirin whilst eliminating undesirable after-effects. 1/6 & 3/-

FOR SAFE AND QUICK RELIEF

BOOTH'S DRY GIN

BY APPOINTMENT
Gin Distillers to H.M. King George VI
BOOTH'S DISTILLERIES LIMITED

Definitely Superior!

MAXIMUM PRICES 25/3 PER BOTTLE HALF BOTTLE 13/3 (U.K. ONLY)

THE ONLY GIN THAT HOLDS THE BLUE SEAL OF THE INSTITUTE OF HYGIENE

EXCLUSIVE TIP FOR SMOKERS

The filter tip—exclusive to du Maurier—allows only the full flavour of fine tobaccos to reach your mouth. Ask for du Maurier today.

du MAURIER
THE **EXCLUSIVE**
FILTER TIP CIGARETTE

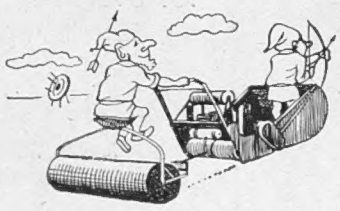
BY APPOINTMENT MOTOR MOWER MANUFACTURERS
CHARLES H. PUGH, LTD.

ATCO
MOTOR MOWERS

If there are still Atco Owners with machines to be serviced, arrangements can be made with their Atco Depots to have this work done between mowings.

To have satisfied everyone who wanted a new Atco this year to the detriment of service to Atco Owners, would not only have been impossible (the demand was so great) but contrary to the obligation to life-long service acknowledged with the sale of every Atco to present and prospective Owners alike.

CHARLES H. PUGH, LTD.,
Whitworth Works, Birmingham 9.



RANK AND GUILE

"Weren't you in the Middle East, my man?"

"*I was, Sir.*"

"A gunner, if I remember rightly?"

"*No Sir, I'm afraid I was a major in the Infantry.*"

"Oh, I say, I'm awfully sorry, old boy."

"*An understandable mistake, Sir. But may I ask that you forget my past military achievements. It might have unfortunate remunerative effects.*"

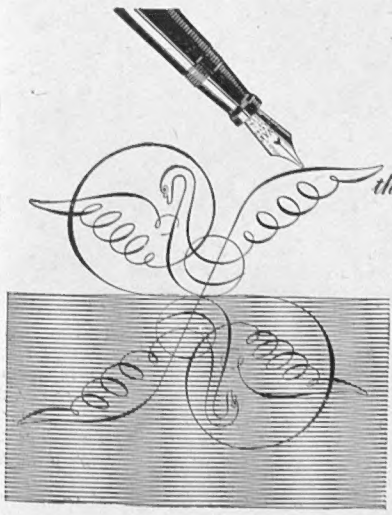
"Major, I shall, like Rose's Lime Juice, be the essence of discretion."

"*No one could ask for a better assurance, Sir. May I call you a taxi—without obligation.*"

ROSE'S—*There is no substitute*

ORKNEY TWEEDS

Retail only · Patterns & Prices from John Sclater · Kirkwall · Orkney



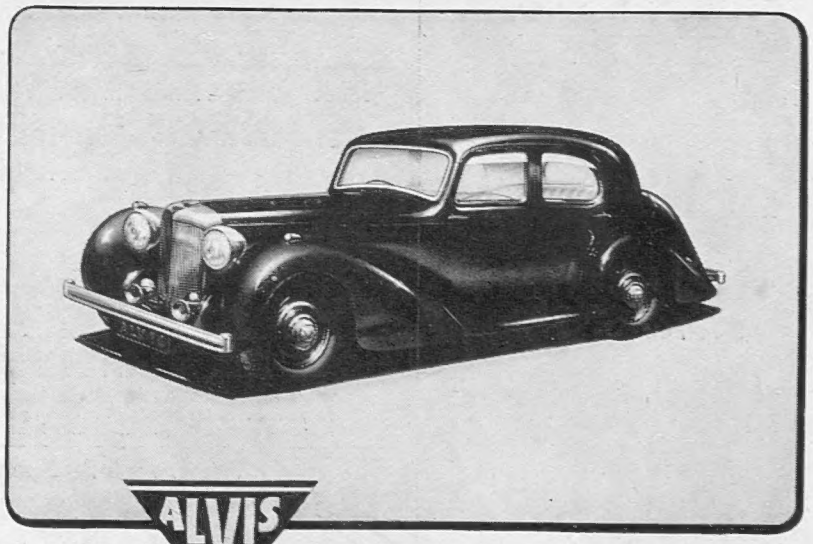
Most people concur

in the happy reflection

that those who have 'Swans'

possess pens of perfection

Side lever and leverless from 21/- to 50/-, purchase tax extra
Showroom & Service Depot: 110 New Bond Street, London W.1
MABIE, TODD & CO. LTD. 41 PARK STREET, LONDON W.1



ALVIS

and the
MAJORITY *of*
Britain's Fine Cars & Commercial Vehicles
fit
GIRLING

The sustained high speed & exceptional roadholding qualities which are inherent in the ALVIS, call for a braking system beyond reproach. In selecting GIRLING BRAKES for their new FOURTEEN, ALVIS engineers have ensured the high degree of braking efficiency and endurance necessary in a car with such outstanding road performance

THE BEST BRAKES IN THE WORLD

GIRLING LTD · KINGS ROAD · TYSELEY · BIRMINGHAM · 11

Note these Facts

25
WORKING DAYS LOST BY EACH MAN PER YEAR

21
WORKING DAYS LOST BY EACH WOMAN PER YEAR

A recent medical test of an industrial group proved that **rheumatism caused absenteeism among men sufferers at the rate of 25 working days per year, and among women sufferers at the rate of 21 working days per year.** Rheumatic pain can be relieved safely and speedily by taking two tablets of 'Genasprin' in a little water—*so can*

SLEEPLESSNESS,
NEURITIS, TOOTHACHE,
HEADACHE,
COLDS AND 'FLU.

Supplies are limited but your chemist will see you get *your* share. Prices 1/5d. and 2/3d.

At any time of strain or pain

'Genasprin'

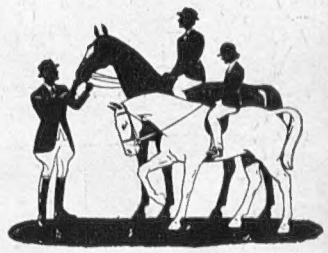
sees you through!

The word 'Genasprin' is the registered trade mark of Genatosan Ltd., Loughborough, Leicestershire.

12

Haig

No finer Whisky Goes into Any Bottle



HARRY HALL

RIDING BREECHES & JODHPURS

We are now receiving an increasing supply of suitable materials for made-to-measure Breeches and Jodhpurs for Gentlemen, Ladies and Children. Every garment is cut with the skill that has made us famous for over fifty years as Breeches Makers

HARRY HALL

Breeches Makers, Sporting, Civil, & Service Tailors

235, 237 REGENT STREET LONDON, W1

Harry Hall Ltd

QUALITY
FLAVOUR

BERMALINE BREAD *is Baked*
BY APPOINTED BAKERS

PURITY
DIGESTIBILITY

I must post my FILMS to

WILL R. ROSE Ltd

23, BRIDGE STREET ROW, CHESTER
133/134, HIGH STREET, OXFORD
25, THE PROMENADE, CHELTENHAM

and get 'MAGNA' PRINTS (Regd)

IN QUEST OF GOOD HOTELS

ADVICE BY ASHLEY COURTENAY

Letters, accompanied by a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, should be addressed to him c/o The Editor, THE SPHERE, Commonwealth House, 1, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1.

Meet your friends in the RICHMONDE LOUNGE of the
NORFOLK HOTEL, BOURNEMOUTH
One of Britain's finest hotels
and listen-in to the Norfolk Hotel Broadcasting Orchestra

CREST HOTEL, CROWBOROUGH, SUSSEX
"A wee bit of Scotland in Sussex." Under the personal direction of Mrs. Eglinton Adams. A fully-equipped first-class Hotel with nearby Golf and Riding. Cocktail Lounge. Central Heating throughout. All-weather Tennis Court. Lift. Tel.: 394.

CASTLE HOTEL, DEGANWY, North Wales
An excellent hotel for a well-earned Holiday. With its fifty comfortable bedrooms, this pleasantly situated hotel on the Conway Estuary offers peacefulness and plenty in the shape of golf, fishing, boating, with bowls and riding nearby. Tel.: Deganwy 83358.

Westward Ho? Spend a night or more at
The ROYAL CLARENCE HOTEL, Exeter
in the quiet of the Cathedral Close

GREAT BRITAIN'S GREATEST HYDRO
SMEDLEY'S at MATLOCK, DERBYSHIRE
Health is everything! Nature and medical skill combine to make amends for the ailments caused by a troubled age. For further details write the Secretary.

MOOR HALL HOTEL, NINFIELD, Near BATTLE SUSSEX
A place for the lover of country pursuits, and well-cooked country fare. Own riding and hunting stables, rough shooting and hard tennis court. Within—comfortable living quarters, warm and welcoming. Trains met Bexhill or Battle. From 6 guineas. Tel.: Ninfield 330.

IDLE ROCKS HOTEL, ST. MAWES, CORNWALL (Opposite Falmouth)
On water's edge facing South. Private baths. Dancing. Good Continental cuisine. French atmosphere. Plenty of spirits and choice wines. Sunniest spot in England. Yachtsmen's paradise. Good sailing, fishing, bathing. Apply direct (St. Mawes 326) or L.H.S. Ltd., 185, Dorset House, N.W.1. (Welbeck 3836).

THE OCEAN HOTEL, SANDOWN, ISLE OF WIGHT
Come and regain your youth! Dance and Dine, Sunbathe and Swim, at Britain's finest hotel facing the sea. Nightly dancing to first-class London Bands. Fully licensed. Children are welcome. Terms from 10 gns. Tel.: 500.

THE VICTORIA HOTEL, SIDMOUTH (FACING THE SEA)
Come and be Spoilt! Food you will enjoy. Breakfast in bed. Telephone and self-controlled wireless by your bedside. And according to your whims, Resident Orchestra, Dancing, Golf, Bridge, Putting, Cocktail Lounge—or just relaxation in our Sun Lounge. Kenneth Drew, General Manager. Tel.: 951.

FUIDGE MANOR, IN MID-DEVON, NR. SPREYTON
Warmth, Comfort, and the Best of Food and Cooking in a bracing climate. Club Bar. Billiards, Squash, Tennis, Riding, and Rough Shooting. Ideal for service leaves and furloughs. Whiddon Down 205.

LEMON HART RUM

The Golden Spirit

With Lemon, Orange or Lime A Winner every time!

Making the real

AERTEX

. . . is a complicated job—more complicated indeed than the present Board of Trade restrictions will allow. That's why it's still difficult to buy the real Aertex—warm in winter, cool in summer. Later when we are back to normal, we shall produce your favourite garments in sufficient quantities and varieties to meet your demands.

CELLULAR CLOTHING CO LONDON W1

Ø.3

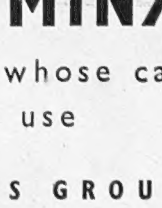
PRINTED IN ENGLAND by THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS AND SKETCH, LTD., Milford Lane, London, W.C.2, and Published Weekly by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS, LTD., Commonwealth House, 1, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1. SATURDAY, AUGUST 9, 1947. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office, 1903.

THE BEST CIGARETTES IN THE WORLD

STATE EXPRESS 555

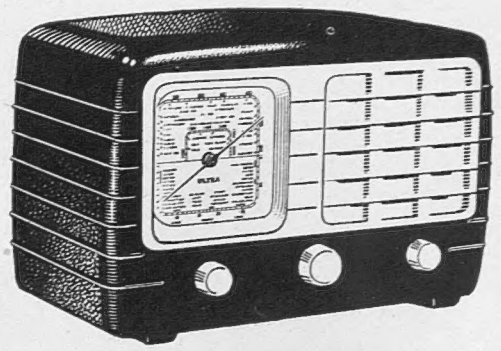
For over half a century
STATE EXPRESS 555
have maintained their
reputation as the best
cigarettes in the world

BY APPOINTMENT
TO H.M. KING GEORGE VI.
STATE EXPRESS CIGARETTES



Export Packing

There were stories about people crying when he played. It seemed such nonsense! Until . . . tonight . . . she had lowered her head towards the end, not wanting to look a fool . . . it was only music. Only radio. But nearer, closer, strangely closer than radio came before . . . *She flips off the switch with her fingers. It is silent now, that very small set . . . so lovely to look at, so wonderful to hear.*



T401 (A.C.) £15.0.0
Plus £3.4.6 purchase tax
In colour — slightly extra

NEW ULTRA RADIO

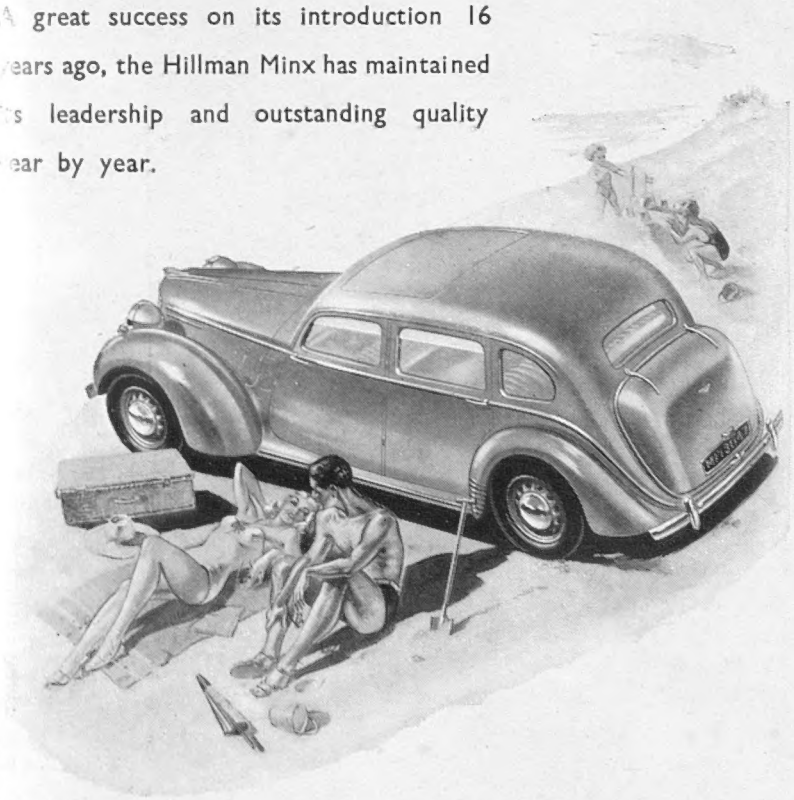
More than a set— it's a service

ULTRA ELECTRIC LTD., SALES DEPT., 62 BUCKINGHAM GATE, LONDON, S.W.1

U.5M

A place in the sun...

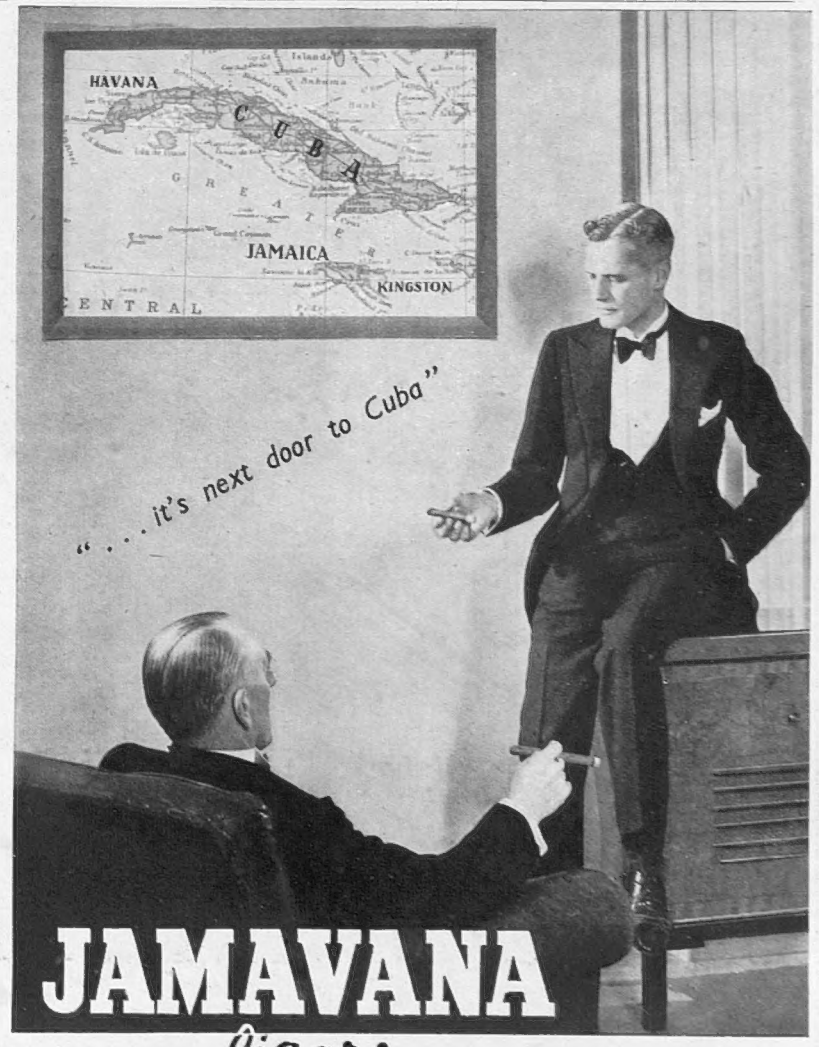
A great success on its introduction 16 years ago, the Hillman Minx has maintained its leadership and outstanding quality year by year.



HILLMAN MINX

For the motorist whose car is always in use

A PRODUCT OF THE ROOTES GROUP



Cigars

Rolled in Jamaica from finest leaf

CORONA GRANDES 122'11 per 25 | CORONAS 97'11 per 25 | PETIT CORONAS 83'4 per 25

JAMAVANA CIGARS 84 PICCADILLY LONDON W1

CONDITIONS OF SALE AND SUPPLY.—This periodical is sold subject to the following conditions, namely, that it shall not, without the written consent of the publisher first given, be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of by way of Trade except at the full retail price of 1s. 6d., and that it shall not be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated condition or in any unauthorised cover by way of Trade, or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.

Gor-ray Ltd 107 New Bond Street W1

Printed in England by The Illustrated London News and Sketch, Ltd., Milford Lane, London, W.C.2, and Published Weekly by Illustrated Newspapers, Ltd., Commonwealth House, 1, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1. Saturday, August 9, 1947. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office, 1903.